

Christian Herald

JUNE • 1934

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The **POWERHOUSE** is made in Germany—world's outstanding producers of quality optics—the finest Cameras, Telescopes, Microscopes and Binoculars. German know-how and superb workmanship are reflected in the many features of the famous **POWERHOUSE**. Here are a few: 1. Great Structural Strength without tiring weight. Only 9½ ounces in all! 2. Aluminum centre-post focusing gives you over 25 steady positions for sharp viewing. 3. Easy adjustment for close-apart or far-apart eyes. 4. Crisp, modern design gives you easy, firm grip. 5. Beautiful, crisp design as illustrated in reduced size above. 6. Jumbo center wheel gives effortless focusing. 7. High luminosity gives you viewing even in moonlight.

**Costly, Precision-Ground Lenses
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The powerful lenses are the crowning achievement of the 99 year old firm. Far different, indeed, from the moulded plastic kind stamped out by the million. Each and every lens is ground and polished to high tolerances, then checked for accuracy. This takes much longer, costs 20 to 30 times

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**Magic of American Dollar
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In less than 18 months **THORESEN** has sold close to 500,000 binoculars—making it the greatest importer of German binoculars in the world! This immense volume, plus the magic of the American dollar enables us to buy at far less—sell for less! Get your **POWERHOUSE** now at our low introductory price of 4.98, tax paid, including handsome carrying case.

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Try Powerhouse at OUR risk!

One look thru the **POWERHOUSE** will convince you of its superb quality. That's why we want to send one to you on **FREE TRIAL** for 5 days. Use it on hunting or fishing trips. Use it at races—on trips—for bird watching. Always have a ringside seat at boxing matches! Then—if you don't think this is the **GREATEST** binocular value of the last 10 years, return it for full refund—no questions asked!

LIMITED OFFER!

Only about 100,000 **POWERHOUSES** can be produced this year, due to the high manufacturing standards. To be fair to all, we are forced to place a limit of **ONE** binocular per reader. Send coupon today to ensure yours!

THORESEN'S

352 Fourth Avenue, Dept. 127-F-6, New York 10, N. Y.
CANADIANS: Order direct from our Montreal plant:
THORESEN CO., 45 St. James St., West, Dept. 127-F-6,
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RUSH 1 POWERHOUSE with case at 4.98, on

5 Day **FREE TRIAL**—Money Back guarantee.

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Town..... State.....

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127-F-6 Montreal 1, Que.



No, thanks—we don't drink.

THE PENDULUM HAS SWUNG . . . Every day more and more young people are saying, "No, thanks . . . We don't drink" . . . More and more these young people are seeing with their own eyes what alcohol is and what alcohol does. What they see is not the pretty picture so often shown in the multi-colored displays. They see something different.

They see mounting tragedies caused by alcohol . . . broken homes, brawls, industrial accidents, hopeless alcoholics, Skid Row derelicts that roam our cities, suicides, murders, traffic accidents involving drinking that yearly take more than 8,000 lives and injure over 200,000!

THESE YOUNG PEOPLE ARE WAKING UP . . . They find you don't have to drink to be smart, that you can say "No, thanks" and still get along fine . . . They do not believe that everyone drinks. They see total abstainers all over America—well-known athletes, prominent political leaders, important businessmen. They find you don't have to drink to be a success.

They are learning the **real** truth about alcohol and automobiles. They know you don't have to be drunk to be a killer on the highway . . . that the occasional social drinker is just as great a menace as the alcoholic . . . that only two drinks can impair your driving ability more than 25% . . . that alcohol is responsible for 30% to 40% of all fatal accidents . . . that last year alcohol traffic accidents killed three times as many people as polio!

AND HERE IS SOMETHING ELSE THEY ARE LEARNING . . . "it pays to abstain."

YES, IT PAYS IN DOLLARS . . . if you do not drink, you are a Preferred Risk and can buy auto insurance at a savings up to 30%. In 1946, with a start of only 200 policyholders, temperance and insurance leaders, headed by Rev. Sam Morris, launched the Preferred Risk Mutual Insurance

Company. **Its purpose**—to write automobile insurance exclusively for people who do not drink. **Its theory**—those who do not drink should not have to help pay for the accidents of those who do . . . They should get a lower rate.

Today, theory has become actuality . . . Fewer losses have justified the lower rates. Company assets have zoomed to over \$2,000,000. The 200 policyholders have grown to over 70,000. By its success, Preferred Risk has made insurance history. More important, it has now clearly proved . . . **it pays to abstain.**

If you are a non-drinker*, you qualify for this reduced rate auto insurance. For full details without obligation—including an explanation of the famous Preferred Risk Merit-Dividend Plan reducing rates annually for claim-free drivers—return this coupon for an immediate quotation. You do not have to wait until your present insurance expires. Do it now.

***IMPORTANT . . .** Non-drinker means **total** abstainer. The occasional social drinker is not eligible for this auto insurance.



REV. SAM MORRIS SAYS:

IT PAYS TO ABSTAIN!

If You Don't Drink, You Are a **PREFERRED RISK**

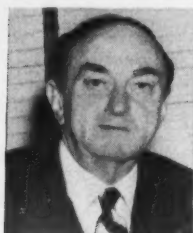
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Date present insurance expires	
Use of Car: <input type="checkbox"/> Bus. <input type="checkbox"/> Pleas. <input type="checkbox"/> To and from work . . . Miles One Way	
Marital Status of <input type="checkbox"/> Married with Children	
Principal Driver <input type="checkbox"/> Single Living at Home <input type="checkbox"/> Single	

All in the Family

Crystal-gazing is not one of the activities of the down-to-earth National Association of Manufacturers. Be sure then that when Warren James Taussig, one of the pioneers of that organization's Church and Industry Relations Program, shouts *Get Ready for What's Coming!* (p.



22) he is being altogether practical, not a bit visionary. Episcopal Layman Taussig joined NAM in 1943, thinks the facts all indicate unprecedented spiritual and physical advance, says we had better not be caught napping.

Storytelling (in the best and most literal sense) is publicist Cyril E. Bryant's livelihood and hobby too. When he's not promoting Baylor University—where he's public relations head—he tilts a pen at other subjects worth exclaiming about, the latest being Mother and Dad Vestal (p. 26). She, by the way, was just selected Texas Mother of the Year.

Why the Christmas tree? Because preacher's wife Gertrude D. McKelvey visited a little sick parishioner on Christmas morning and was the flattered target



of his very first picture with his very first camera. On page 19 she takes time out from visiting the ill to ask—and answer—the important question, *Does God Heal Sickness Today?*

Niagara Falls makes visitors think of newly-weds. Must be why Raymond Dreyfack got the idea for *A Gift to Remember* (p. 31) while pointing out the *Maid of the Mist* to wife Tessie and children Kenneth and Madeline. "Finally I locked myself into a room with the old Underwood and pounded the story out of my system."

"Tremendous" is the adjective for July, from the original patriotic cover painting to the first-told, first-hand startling documentary, *Lost Christians of the China Coast*.... Facts you never knew about the small but power-packed Society of Friends.... A Sunday-school picnic in happy, homey photographs.... Faith Baldwin.... Delbert Lean.... Summer reading at its inspiring best!

Christian Herald

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational... dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace, the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy at home and abroad, and to cooperation with all who seek the establishment of a more Christian world.

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JUNE, 1954

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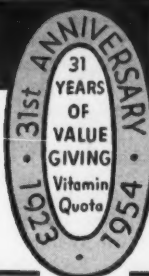
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VOLUME 77 NUMBER 6

CHRISTIAN HERALD

OVER 100 SENSATIONAL VALUES IN THE 31st ANNUAL



MID-SUMMER SALE OF VITAMINS

MORE PROOF VITAMIN-QUOTA SAVES YOU MONEY!

Why pay more? When you can cut your vitamin costs up to 40% on freshly packed, guaranteed potency supplements endorsed by over a million users Coast-to-Coast?

Old and new friends may now share the splendid savings possible in our 31st annual midsummer sale. Here you will find the most complete list of vitamin products ever offered. Get out the package for which you felt you have paid a lot of money; you will find that similar potencies can be had at surprisingly big savings. Greater economies may be made by ordering the larger sizes. Anticipate your needs for the months ahead. To folks who have not yet enjoyed the benefits of the Vitamin-Quota direct-to-home plan we say — Stop Buying

Vitamins Blindly — avoid costly mistakes which result in spending money needlessly. Read the label. It tells you what's in the package; then you will know how to get the most for your money. Bear in mind, vitamins are just as standard as sugar; 1 mg. of B-1 is the same regardless of the name on the package. Remember supplements are desirable the year around. Reserves should be built up when needed. Your summer diet will not provide a complete protection for the entire year, so buy liberally now.

Thousands Report Fine Results with this Highest Potency B Complex & Liver Stomach

EDANOL CAPSULE

25 Mcgs. "Red" Vitamin B-12

One capsule of greater unitage than 6 to 9 average capsules

30-day trial costs only \$2.25

This B-Complex capsule is an ideal supplement for various types of anemia as there are supplied large potencies of factors which stimulate the growth of red blood cells and hemoglobin; most frequently a decided improvement is noted within a few days. Test a 30 day trial size now for only \$2.25. You will be delighted with the return of new strength and energy.

EACH CAPSULE CONTAINS:

Vit. B-1225 mcgs.	Ferrous Glu.5 grs.
Choline25 mg.	Liver Stomach ...390 mg.
N. Amide50 mg.	Folic Acid1.67 mg.
Vit. C100 mg.	Vit. B-110 mg.
Cal. Panto.10 mg.	Vit. B-25 mg.
Inositol25 mg.	Vit. B-62 mg.
30 Caps\$2.25	100 Caps\$6.75
250 Caps\$16.25	
500 Caps\$29.50	1000 Caps\$56.00

28 HIGH POTENCY VITAMINS & MINERALS IN A SINGLE CAPSULE

1-a-day as a Supplement

2-a-day as a Therapeutic Formula

16 VITAMINS—12 MINERALS with Methionine

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Minavol capsules fill a double purpose. As a supplement take one a day; two capsules daily will give a therapeutic dose. Minavol supplies large unitage of 16 vitamins, 12 minerals and Methionine. May be used as protection against deficiencies, and helps to correct them. This high level supplement with 10,000 units of A is a truly exceptional value. Similar products cost as much as \$4.00 more per 100. Compare these potencies particularly with high priced therapeutic vitamins and mineral formulas. Save money now with this splendid all inclusive capsule.

EACH CAPSULE CONTAINS:

10,000 units Vit. A	20 Mg. P. Am. Ben. A
1,000 units Vit. D	5 Mg. E
3 Mcgs. B-12	20 Mg. dl-Methionine
50 Mcgs. Biotin	161 Mg. Calcium
0.25 Mg. Folic Acid	0.15 Mg. Cobalt
8 Mg. Vit. B-1	125 Mg. Phosphorus
4 Mg. Vit. B-2	12 Mg. Iron
0.5 Mg. Vit. B-6	5 Mg. Mang. Sulf.
5 Mg. Cal. Panto.	1.5 Mg. Polas. Sulf.
25 Mg. N. Amide	1 Mg. Copper
60 Mg. C	1 Mg. Mang. Sulf.
25 Mg. Choline	1 Mg. Zinc
25 Mg. Inositol	0.2 Mg. Molybdenum
10 Mg. Rutin	0.1 Mg. Iodine
	0.15 Fluorine

100 Caps. \$4.50	500 Caps. \$20.00
250 Caps. \$10.75	1000 Caps. \$37.50

BONUS OFFER

For Folks Who Pay High Prices For

FOOD SUPPLEMENTS

Save Money with Increased Potency OVATRIN

Contains 37 Nutritional Food Factors

IN A NATURAL BASE OF ALFALFA, WATERCRESS, CHLOROPHYLL AND PARSLEY AT A COST OF ONLY \$7.50 FOR A MONTH'S SUPPLY, and GET IN ADDITION

FREE

93 tablets—54 grams of specially California grown alfalfa, watercress and parsley concentrate—supplying the health giving nutrients of approximately 1 1/4 lbs. of these vegetables in fresh form—regularly priced \$1.50 or a total \$9.00 value.

BOTH FOR ONLY \$7.50

Thousands of good folks all over America now know they need not pay the atrociously high prices—as much as \$19.50 per month—for food supplements. They have found savings of as much as \$12.50 per month can be made when they change to OVATRIN. They find it provides the same vitamins and the same minerals and natural factors, and gives the same health giving benefits.

You too, should compare the formula of the high priced food supplement you are now taking with the unitage in the Ovatin formula set forth below—you will see at a glance that Ovatin is a very comprehensive dietary aid with even greater potencies. You will be impressed with the increased unitage in vitamins and minerals, and the stated definite amounts of the natural factors Alfalfa, Watercress, Parsley, Chlorophyll, Liver and Yeast. Then compare the cost, a month's supply of OVATRIN for only \$7.50 making a saving of as much as \$12.50 per month.

In addition during the midsummer sale you get an extra bonus of a bottle of 93 tablets of specially California grown alfalfa, watercress and parsley concentrates FREE with each 31 days' supply. The adult dose of OVATRIN is 8 tablets just as the supplement you have been using heretofore. Test this splendid formula for one month and if you are not satisfied with the results, the trial is free.

8 Tablets (Daily Dose) Supply the Following Amounts and Proportions of Minimum

Daily Requirements of Vitamins and Minerals

Vit. A28,000 units 700%	Vit. B-129 Mcgs. **	Calcium1,000 Mg. 133%
Vit. D2,500 units 625%	Para A.B.A.25 Mcgs. *	Phosphorus750 Mg. 100%
Vit. B-124 Mg. 2400%	Biotin20 Mcgs. *	Iodine0.4 Mg. 400%
Vit. B-216 Mg. 800%	Cal Panto20 Mcgs. *	Iron20 Mg. 200%
Vit. C210 Mg. 700%	Niacinamide100 Mg. **	Copper2 Mg. *
Vit. B-66 Mg. **	Choline25 Mg. *	Manganese2 Mg. *
Vit K2 Mg. **	Cobalt0.2 Mg. *	Zinc2 Mg. *
Vit. E20 Mg. *	Nickel0.2 Mg. *	Magnesium2 Mg. *
Inositol25 Mg. **	Fluorine0.2 Mg. *	Methionine25 Mg. *
Folic Acid2 Mg. **	Molybdenum0.2 Mg. *	Liver, dried4 Grs. *
Rutin16 Mg. *	Potassium2 Mg. *	Yeast4 Grs. *

3 grs. Alfalfa; 3 grs. Watercress; 3 grs. Parsley; Chlorophyll 8 Mg.

**Requirements not established

*Need in human nutrition not established

31 days' Supply Ovatin and 93 vegetable Concentrate tablets only

\$750

93 days' Supply Ovatin and 279 vegetable Concentrate tablets only

\$2000

One full year's Supply of Ovatin with 1116 vegetable Concentrate tablets only **\$7000**

Single and Standard Vitamin Formulas . . . AT LOWEST PRICES

VITAMIN A CAPSULES

	100s	250s	500s	1000s
A 25,000 units	\$.85	\$2.00	\$3.85	\$7.25
A 50,000 units	1.65	3.85	7.25	14.00
Synthetic A 25,000 units	1.00	2.35	4.50	8.50
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Water Soluble A 50,000 units	2.75	6.25	11.50	21.50

VITAMIN E

Our capsules contain d-Alpha Tocopherol Acetate and yield Alpha Tocopherol in its highest biological activity in the form of dl-Alpha Tocopherol ACETATE, 1 mg. of which is equivalent to 1 international unit. Vitamin E, 100 international units Vitamin E are equivalent to 108.69 mgs. of d-Alpha Tocopherol.

	100s	250s	500s	1000s
30 mcg.	\$1.85	\$4.35	\$8.00	\$14.00
50 mcg.	2.85	6.75	12.50	22.00
100 mcg.	4.15	10.00	18.50	34.00

VITAMIN B-1 TABLETS

	100s	250s	500s	1000s
25 mg.	\$1.00	\$1.85	\$3.50	\$6.75
50 mg.	1.75	3.50	6.75	13.00
100 mg.	2.75	6.50	12.50	23.50

"RED" VITAMIN B-12

	100s	250s	500s	1000s
5 mcg.	\$.50	\$1.15	\$1.75	\$3.25
10 mcg.75	1.75	3.25	6.00
25 mcg.	1.50	3.50	6.50	12.00
100 mcg.	5.25	12.50	24.00	45.00

VITAMIN C TABLETS

	100s	250s	500s	1000s
100 mg.	\$.60	\$1.40	\$2.65	\$5.00
250 mg.	1.25	2.75	5.25	10.75
500 mg.	2.25	5.25	10.00	19.00

These are but a few striking examples of the savings possible when you buy the Vitamin-Quota direct-to-home way. Send for complete catalog of over 100 vitamin products. Begin to save money on vitamins now. Vitamin-Quota products have been used for years by upwards of a million families from coast-to-coast. Vitamin-Quota supplements are sold only at addresses below. Order C.O.D. or save postal charges by sending check or money order. We pay postage. Money back if not satisfied.

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Sales in California, add 3%; Sales in Los Angeles, add 4%

DOCTOR



POLING

ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS

Protestants and Tolerance

● *I have trouble with your "creed," as it appears in the first editorial of the January CHRISTIAN HERALD. I am a Protestant and believe that loyalty to our Protestant faith is imperative today. Does not your No. 4: "I will destroy intolerance," handicap Protestant activities?*

COLORADO

F. A. B.

Certainly it is not intolerance for us, nor is it bigoted, to be loyal to our Protestant faith. But the same loyalty that we demand for ourselves, we may and should grant to others who are of a different faith. This is exactly what my creed includes. CHRISTIAN HERALD is a Protestant publication. We shall continue to make that abundantly clear. But we are not and, please God, never will be an anti-Catholic or anti-Jewish journal.

Mr. Claus — Questionable?

● *What do you think of Santa Claus in church programs or as used in Christian homes? Is he a bad fellow?*

IOWA

(Mrs.) I. D.

I have never felt that Santa Claus was a bad fellow! Always, from my childhood until now, he and I have been good friends and he has done no damage to our numerous children and yet more numerous grandchildren. They all, in their time, have loved him and have never failed to *understand* him. That last has been the responsibility of their parents and grandparents.

United Stand

● *Have you read Edward Barrett's article, "Needed: A Crusade of All Faiths"? What do you think of his suggestion that those who have basic beliefs in common should unite to help save the world from war and Communism?*

CALIFORNIA

(Mrs.) B. M. H.

I think very highly of the suggestion. Previously I have written of just such an organization, with which I became acquainted in West China as early as 1943 and which continues at this writing on the Island of Formosa. I have read the Barrett article and several others have called it to my attention. It

will interest you to know that the Golden Rule Foundation is considering a program of world-wide unity along these lines.

Pastors' Residences

● *Is there a growing trend among Protestant churches to supply parsonages, manse or special residences for pastors? Or is there generally a higher salary paid, from which the pastor pays for his own house?*

PENNSYLVANIA

(Mrs.) C. F. L.

I do not know of any "trend." Many churches do supply the pastor with a home and frequently it is fully furnished. On the other hand, many churches add to his salary in an amount regarded as ample to enable the pastor to buy or rent his own house. Indeed, many ministers prefer the latter. There is a growing "trend" to finance the pastor's automobile and his telephone service. This is, I think, as it should be.

"Place of Departed Spirits"?

● *Recently an evangelist in our town said that when Jesus died He went to hell, and he talked as though it was the eternal hell prepared for the devil and his angels. He seems to have been all mixed up. What do you think about it?*

ILLINOIS

(Mrs.) O. G.

He certainly is—if he talked in this manner. The "hell," when such reference is made, is the "place of departed spirits."

Sunday Labor

● *We have a problem of Sunday work on our farm and seek your advice. Is Sunday labor ever justified? We are eager to have our question answered but need a little help.*

VERMONT

(Mrs.) R. U. L.

The spirit of the letter from which this question is taken justifies me in saying that the problem will be solved. It was Jesus, Himself, who gave sanction to labor on the Sabbath when He recognized the necessity of lifting an animal from a ditch. But we do need to avoid the emergency principle to cover regular work that should not be allowed to intrude on the Lord's Day.

Church Hearing Aids

● *Have you ever heard someone say: "I never heard a word the minister said"? Don't you think that churches should install loud-speakers so that those who have impaired hearing could hear satisfactorily?*

NEW YORK

(Miss) A. E. B.

"Yes" to both questions. Many, if not the majority of, churches today have such installations. Also I think that individuals should secure hearing aids. CHRISTIAN HERALD advertises the best!

Quotation

● *Where in the Bible can I find this quotation or its equivalent: "God works in mysterious ways His duties to perform"?*

OHIO

(Mrs.) L. H.

You will not find it in the Bible. It is from the popular poem, "Light Shining Out of Darkness," by William Cowper, and reads:

*"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."*

National Council of Churches

● *In the new Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible, it says, "Copyright by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A." Does this mean those Churches of Christ which have congregations in many communities, some of which, at least, do not believe in musical instruments?*

OKLAHOMA

(Mrs.) G. E. M.

No. The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. is the officially representing organization of nearly all Protestant denominations, such as Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Lutheran, Baptist, etc., etc. While there are, of course, other Protestant churches with considerable memberships that do not belong to the Council, the Council is the largest and most representative body within our Protestant faith.

Protestant "Sisters"?

● *Is there any denomination or order of the Protestant faith which has sisters or nuns, as in the Roman Catholic Church?*

MASSACHUSETTS

I. G. S.

There are "sisters" in the Lutheran Church; there are deaconesses in the Methodist Church; and there are special groups or orders of women set aside for special service in many Protestant denominations. Some of these wear a garb characteristic of the order or service to which they belong.

AT BOB JONES UNIVERSITY COURSES LEADING TO THE BACHELOR OF ARTS AND THE BACHELOR OF SCIENCE DEGREES

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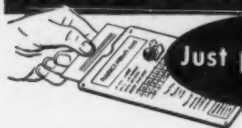
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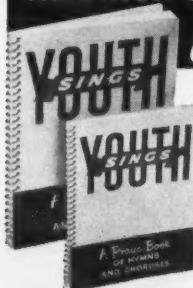
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I SEE THE FLAG

By GLENN H. ASQUITH

I HAD never seen the flag of the United States before.

Of course, I had *looked* at the flag thousands of times. Who does not, having been brought up in America, having attended its schools, having seen innumerable parades?

But one war-time day I *saw* the flag for the first time.

Historians and poets try to describe the ecstatic experiences of explorers viewing oceans or mountains or great canyons for the first time. They endeavor to share with us the feeling of a man or woman when first sensing the glory of reciprocated affection. But they have nothing good enough to describe the degree of my emotion, my warmth of heart when, for the first time, I saw our country's flag.

What had been to me a combination of stars and stripes in a familiar pattern suddenly became a beautiful and living statement of all that matters in life.

The stripes, once no more than thirteen alternate red and white panels, assumed a majesty of undying significance. I seemed to bridge the years, and to see the thirteen original colonies. Composed of small towns and tiny settlements, these colonies thought it not too hard to oppose themselves against a country stronger in every respect than they except in one essential—courage. And I seemed to see that small group of men who, with divine audacity, dared to resolve:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights . . . That whenever any form of Government becomes

destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it . . ."

I recalled Valley Forge, where the snow was stained with blood from the feet of ragged soldiers. And then I caught the symbolism. Snow and blood! Privation and sacrifice! Purity of purpose and martyrdom! Nathan Hale pouring forth his young life . . . the fallen farmers on Concord Bridge, I saw the stripes in the flag for the first time.

And then I turned to the stars.

Merely forty-eight white stars on an azure field? Once they were that and no more. But now I saw them in their true glory. Each star a state. A simple statement, and yet how much lay behind it!

AFTER the thirteen original colonies were won to statehood by titanic struggle, the stars came slowly. Men of daring and stout heart had to push out through trackless wilderness, subjugate savage and lawless elements, clear the forests and plant the fields, suffer heart-break and death before each new state came into being, before another star could be added to the deep blue background. But always there was a place and a welcome for each new territory which conquered and survived and subscribed to a certain document which included the guarantee of freedom of worship, freedom of speech, freedom of petition, freedom of assembly.

Then I saw the conflict revolving around the decision of certain states to tear their stars from that blue field. I remembered that my own forefathers thought best to take the star of my
(Continued on page 69)

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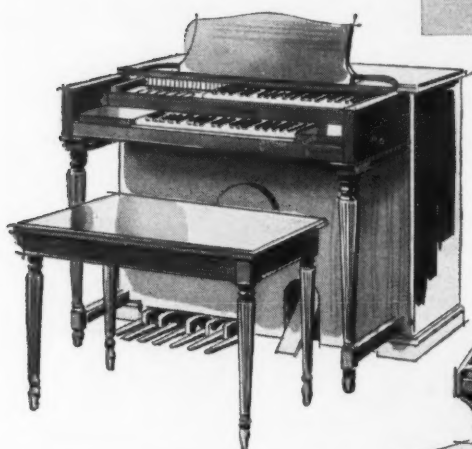
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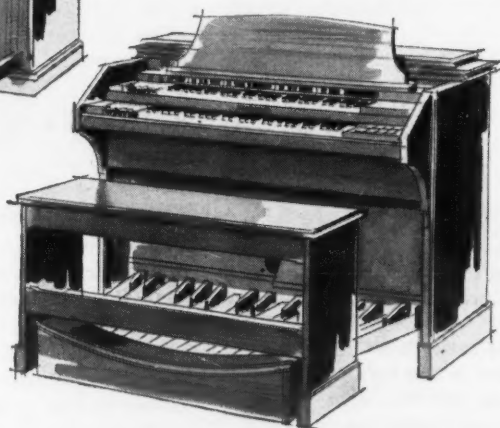
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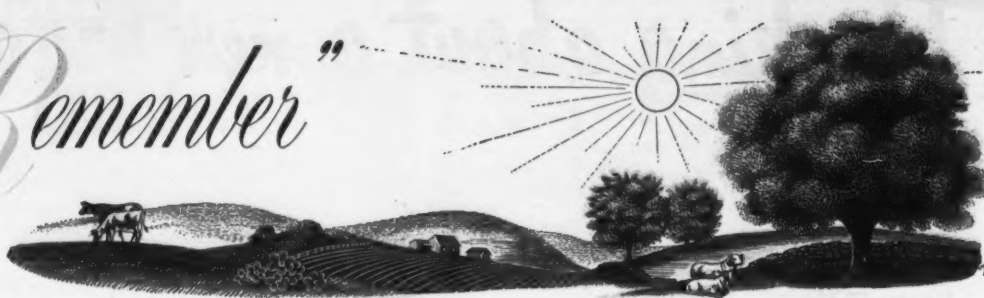
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"I Remember"



Edited by KENNETH L. WILSON

BIG PLEASURES and great happiness are but the consummation of many little pleasures and deeds of kindness bound together, as a loaf of bread is many crumbs in the aggregate. Happiness is the art of finding joy and satisfaction in the little privileges of life: a quiet hour in the sun instead of a far-away journey; a little outing in the near-by woods instead of long trips away; an hour with a friend instead of an extended visit with relatives; a few pages of a book instead of hours of reading at a time; a flash of sunset, a single beautiful flower, a passing smile, a kindly word, a little gift bestowed anonymously, a little thoughtfulness here and there as the days slip by—these are the crumbs of happiness. Do not despise them, lest when the evening finds you, you be an-hungered and disconsolate.

—Author Unknown
From Mrs. Raymond S. Baxter, Paris, Tenn.



Cleon hath a million acres, ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace, in a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, not a penny I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur, free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors, need of none have I;
Wealth surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready, happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in nature, in a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever, earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would change? Not I!

CHARLES MACKAY

From Rev. David C. Weidner, Kingston, N. Y.

SO LIVE, that sinking in thy last long sleep, calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.—SIR WILLIAM JONES

*When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in raining tears,
What a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.*

—COATES KINNEY

WHEN I contemplate the extent to which the moral sentiments, the intelligence, the affections of so many millions of people—sealed up by a sacred charm within the cover of a letter—daily circulate through a country, I am compelled to regard the Post-office, next to Christianity, as the right arm of our modern civilization.

—EDWARD EVERETT

IF a friend of mine gave a feast and did not invite me to it, I would not mind a bit. But if a friend of mine had a sorrow, and refused to allow me to share it, I should feel it most bitterly. If he shut the doors of the house of mourning against me, I would move back again and again and beg to be admitted so that I might share in what I was entitled to share. If he thought me unworthy, unfit to weep with him, I should feel it as the most poignant humiliation, as the most terrible mode for which disgrace could be inflicted on me. He who can look on the loveliness of the world and share its sorrows and realize something of the wonder of both, is in immediate contact with divine things, and has got as near to God's secret as anyone can get.

—OSCAR WILDE

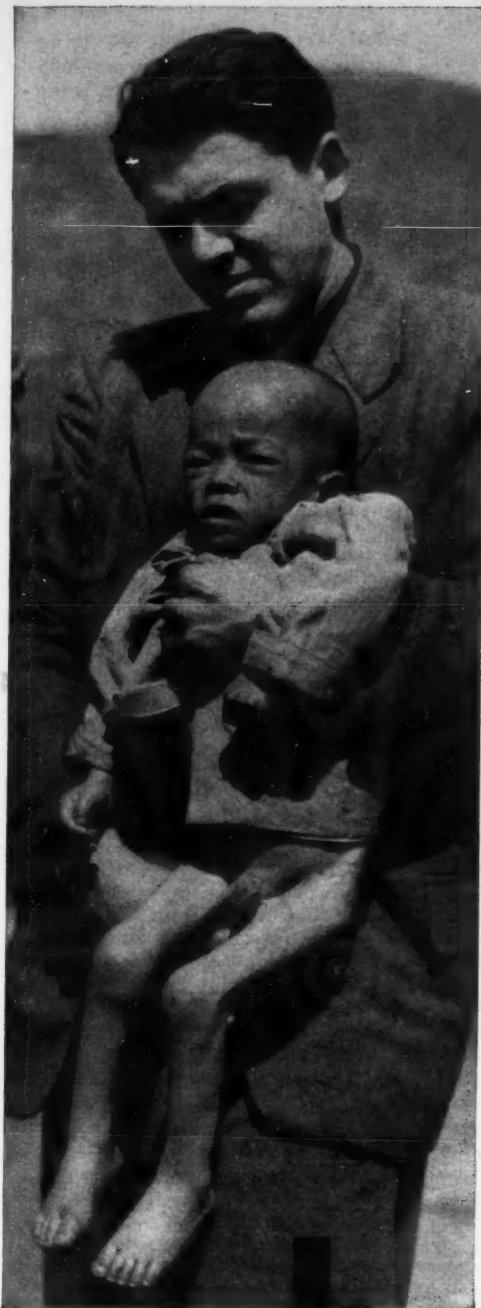
From Mrs. Mai Bigger, Springfield, Tenn.



*Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones and soul's delivery!
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die.*

JOHN DONNE

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include source and author and your own name. Sorry, no items acknowledged or returned, and no original material used.



Would You

SAVE THIS CHILD?

IF YOU SAW THIS CHILD, would you pick him up and save him as Bill Asbury, CCF representative, did in Korea a few weeks ago? We are sure you would not "pass by on the other side" to leave him die. He is now in a CCF orphanage being decently cared for. He is there with other children—children like the baby whose mother brought him to the superintendent, saying she could not find work and could not care for her baby. The baby was accepted and the mother started away and then fell. When the superintendent reached her, she was dead—of starvation. Some CCF orphanage children were pulled apart from the arms of their mothers—the children just faintly alive, their mothers dead.

Bill Asbury is making no complaint about the dirt and discomfort connected with his job or even about the vermin, far more alive on such a child than the child himself. But he is heavy hearted over the many children he can't save for lack of funds.

He will be glad, if you wish, to pick up a starving boy or girl for you and place him or her in one of the 42 Korean orphanages in which CCF assists children. The cost in Korea and in all countries where CCF operates is ten dollars a month and you will receive your child's name, address, story and picture. You can correspond with your child. Children can be "adopted" in CCF orphanages around the world; in the following countries: Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany.

"And the Lord took little children into His arms and blessed them." 20,000 Americans have done likewise by "adopting" children through CCF. Gifts of any amount are welcome.

For information write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

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• AT HOME •

HAND-WRINGING: With an island-disintegrating blast, the H-bomb gave to war a dimension of hellishness that Sherman never foresaw. No need to recount here its destructive capacity. It is enough to point out soberly that there is no city in the United States (or in the world) that the bomb could not reduce to a flaming, cratered shambles. Suburbs no longer offer security: not even rural areas are exempt from "fall-outs" of windblown radioactive dust—i.e., the death-dealing remains of atomized earth, water, skyscrapers and human beings.

Disclosures of H-bomb effects have set the expected number of hands to wringing. We can understand why people are scared, whether their fear is visible or hidden. But this wringing of hands is unintelligible, this ponderment as to why the U.S. ever opened Pandora's box in the first place; why we ever developed a bomb, either A or H; ever tested it; ever increased its power to its present fearful proportions.

We ought to be everlastingly glad that the U.S. got the box open first! True—lamentably, frightfully true—the world trembles on the brink of total cataclysm as two thermonuclear giants face each other. But suppose there were just one giant? Suppose that Russia *only* had the bomb? Suppose—and *humbly thank God!*

REFUGE: Never before was it so true that there is no place to hide. Bomb shelters are useless before a weapon that can dig beneath the sea a hole broad enough to hold nine Pentagons, and 175 feet deep. Civil defense plans with their screaming sirens and whistle-blowing wardens are obsolete. The only way to save the residents of a city is to take them out of that city, impossible when merely scant minutes of warning may be available. To what then are we to entrust our personal security? To radar, interception planes, guided missiles, retaliation? These all are as ineffective as an enemy's ability to overcome them. *Things* will be vulnerable as long as the earth holds together, and men will be vulnerable as long as they take refuge in things. They must find their refuge within themselves.

This is not to say that they will not

do all they can to protect themselves. It is to say that, having done all, they will *stand!* It is to say that men and women of God have, in the midst of panic, a serenity that is not of this world. This is no withdrawal from reality; it is the best way to face and participate in reality! This is no shoulder-shrugging acceptance of "fate"; it is the ability to challenge fate! This is no submission to being pushed around; it is simply bracing one's feet on that which is Unmovable and pushing back!

THE ATOM: You don't hear much about it, but the atom is also working for peace—indisputable answer to those who wish man had never become so smart. For example, 20 of 100 hospitals in New York city are using radioactive materials in research analysis of bodily functions and in actual therapy. A rust-resistant variety of oats has been developed as a result of agricultural research with atomic particles; experiments are going on with other grains, fruits and vegetables. Research at MIT and other places looks to the sterilization of foodstuffs atomically. The Duquesne Light Company in Pittsburgh has begun construction of an atom-powered generator of electrical power. Thickness gauges using beta rays are being used in hundreds of manufacturing plants. Sixty per cent of all automobile tires are now manufactured on production lines using such thickness gauges. The thickness of paper, aluminum, steel and other materials is now being gauged or regulated by radioactive isotopes.

Predicts the Atomic Industrial Forum: "Within five years, half of the manufacturing companies in the U.S. will be using radioactive materials in some form of manufacture or will be manufacturing products used in some phase of atomic energy work."

If Pandora's box had never been opened—!

SPIRIT: President Eisenhower sat informally on the edge of a desk and threw an encouraging arm across the shoulder of America. "We don't have to fear," he told us all. "I don't mean to say, and no one can say to you, that there are no dangers. Of course there are risks, but we do not have to be hys-

terical. We can be vigilant; we can be Americans. We can stand up and hold up our heads and say, America is the greatest force that God has ever allowed to exist on His footstool. As such it is up to us to lead this world to a peaceful and secure existence, and I assure you we can do it."

How do we do it? Said the President: "We are richer by any standard of comparison than is any other nation in the world. We know that we have great military strength, economic, intellectual, but I want to call your particular attention to *spiritual* strength. . . . There must be something in the heart as well as in the head. . . . It is American belief in decency, in justice, in progress, and the value of individual liberty, because of the rights conferred on each of us by our Creator, that will carry us through."

Certainly no one turned from his television set that night with all the perplexing questions answered. But everyone turned away with head lifted a little higher.

MAINE LINE: Maine's next Senator will be a Republican, be sure of that. But *which* Republican? Senator Margaret Chase Smith faces Robert L. Jones on June 21. It's the primary, but in Maine, whoever wins at the primary gets the job. What's so significant about this particular election? Simply that Senator Smith has been a critic of one J. R. McCarthy, and Jones is his admirer if not protege. The 33-year-old Biddeford man says the issue between him and Mrs. Smith is "Americanism," and explains, "Americanism consists, if you wish, of 'McCarthyism.'" In June, 1950, Mrs. Smith wrote her "Declaration of Conscience," a clear denunciation of Colleague McCarthy and his methods. Six other Republican Senators signed it. Senator McCarthy has the reputation of going after his critics, notably Tydings of Maryland, Benton of Connecticut. Whether or not he is actively pushing Mr. Jones, a defeat for Senator Smith will be regarded as a victory for Senator McCarthy and vice-versa. Beyond that—"As goes Maine, so goes the nation"?

COURIER'S CUES: Dr. Oppenheimer was out for good before news was made public. . . . One ray of "hope" in H-bomb: if it gets bulkier and heavier, it will be impossible to "deliver". . . . And on the other side of picture, customs agents have been alerted to the A-bomb, suitcase model. . . . The FHA mess literally "hits home" to average citizen, illustrates that bad morals are bad politics. . . . TV direct from London may be within three years. . . . How come many of the groups and individuals (Premier Nehru of India is one) denouncing U.S. H-bomb tests



BILLY GRAHAM IN LONDON: At huge Harringay Arena in London nearly 500,000 persons heard Billy Graham speak during the first five weeks of his three-month crusade. During this period 11,749 decisions for Christ were made.



RNS PHOTOS

Throng in Trafalgar Square listens to evangelist Graham in the first open-air meeting of his campaign. Plans were under way to broadcast the nightly meetings over loudspeakers to audiences in theaters and halls throughout London.

have nothing to say about USSR similar tests?

The Conservatives are out in front of Socialists in Britain; former are "in" good, with or without Churchill. . . . Men to watch in Colorado: former Agriculture Secretary Brannan, who may get nod for Senator; and retiring Senator Edwin C. Johnson, who is a cinch for governor of the state. . . . Test comes for Adlai Stevenson in Illinois this fall, as he backs Paul Douglas for re-election to Senate. . . . Mr. Dulles isn't getting far with his idea of independence for three Indo-Chinese states (Laos, Cambodia, Viet-Nam) . . . Even though individuals are receiving less money than they did last summer, taxes are down, making actual cash in pocket about the same; question is, will people spend it? . . . Taxes, you may like to know, are also down in Canada, Britain, France, West Germany.

Business slated for gentle downturn till at least fall. . . . Expect higher social security pensions starting October. . . . Busiest international traffic point in Canada, Windsor, is observing its 100th anniversary. . . . More than 2 million auto casualties in 1953—worst in history; 38,500 killed, 900 more than 1952. . . . Right now, we're in touchiest period of war risk since start of Korean conflict; our leaders need all the wisdom, divine and otherwise, they can get hold of, *right now*.

• ABROAD •

"UNITED ACTION:" Everything's got to have a catchy name these days. For a while everybody was talking about the "New Look" defense policy—which said simply that in case of aggression, the U.S. would hit back at places, in

ways, and at times of its own choosing. Now, "United Action." All of which means that the U.S. wants to make sure it has friends and allies for whatever course it pursues. The present tension point is Indo-China. Just what kind of united action Mr. Dulles wants, he doesn't know, or if he does know, he isn't saying. That complicates the problem of getting allies. You can't go up to another country and say, "Be on my side!" until that other country knows what your side proposes to do. Many Europeans see the H-bomb as our means of "action." They know that Russia has 'em too, and they are geographically in the middle. Mr. Dulles has to convince Britain and France that he intends to be firm but not devastatingly firm. The product he's selling: a 10-nation Asian "NATO" within the UN framework of allowable regional pacts. Wanted as members: U.S., France, Britain, the three Indo-China states, Thailand, the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand. Prospects: something considerably less than incandescent.

INDO-CHINA: Why all the concern about Indo-China? Why not just get out while the getting is good, give the country to the Communists, say, "Good riddance"? Because, as President Eisenhower metaphorized, you've got a line of dominoes. Push one and they fall in succession. Indo-China is the key domino. Thailand, Malaya, Indonesia, maybe the Philippines, maybe Formosa, maybe Japan, possibly India—would go down, one after the other. What's that to us? We lose raw materials, for one thing—rubber and tin. More than that, if all Asia goes behind, the Iron Curtain, the world is that much

closer to two big armed camps; therefore, closer to a final showdown.

COMING: If we think we have trouble getting on with the people in the world now, our posterity will have twice as much trouble about 70 years from now. By then, says the new edition of the United Nations Demographic Yearbook published by the UN Statistical Office, the population of the world will be double what it is now. Clue: the world grew by 30 millions of people from the middle of 1951 to the middle of 1952. Other interesting findings: the highest life expectancy in the world is for white women in the U.S. They can expect to average 72.4 years. But the U.S. doesn't garner all the blue ribbons. In the men's department, The Netherlands is on top, with a male life expectancy of 69.4 years.

MIDDLE EAST: It's obvious even to a confirmed optimist that the Israeli-Arab "armistice" is falling apart. Border raids have become commonplace. Always it is the "other side" at fault. Men and women are killed, tension mounts. Last straw was the attack on the Jordan village of Nahhalin. UN delegates one after another announced they were weary of tackling isolated border clashes; it was time to deal with basic differences.

There will always be brush fires as long as someone has a match and there are combustible materials to be ignited. How to confiscate the match, or at least confiscate the desire to use it, is the UN's problem. If war started here, other nations would be dragged in. Britain would have to fight for Jordan because of treaty commitments. Britain, France and the U.S. pledged



NEW THREE-CENTER: To be issued on June 24 is this three-cent stamp, intended as a "companion" to the recently issued eight-cent one which also bears the words "In God We Trust."

(1950) to help keep the status quo in the Middle East. "Combustible materials" include the almost-forgotten 800,000 Arab refugees; the internationalization of Jerusalem; indefinite boundary lines.

What are the possibilities for a settlement? About as much as for settlement in other parts of the world. Peaceful nations must always wait for peaceful men.

CYPRUS: You don't hear much about it unless you read the itineraries of Holy Land tours. Cyprus was a way-station for Paul on his first missionary journey. Today it's a British colony. Britain figured that the island, about 250 miles north of Egypt, would be her next base of operations if she had to get out of the Suez country. But it's not to be that easy. Greece has her eyes on Cyprus, says this triangle of land roughly twice the size of Delaware belongs to her and if Britain doesn't like it, she'll take the whole squabble to the United Nations. Net effect would be to get everybody on Cyprus stirred up, choosing sides—fertile ground for Communist agitators who thrive on dissension and who are on the scene in strength. Puts a kink in Britain's fall-back plans, which may mean a tightening of efforts to hang onto Suez.

KOREA: Not much is being said about it—the emphasis is all on Indo-China. How quickly we forget! But parents of sons who died in Korea have not forgotten. The U.S. Army of occupation has not forgotten. Did the Geneva conference forget? It was called primarily to settle the Korean war, which isn't "over." The shooting stopped, that's all. North Korea is redeeming the time. When the armistice began, no North Korean airfield was operating; now

there are nine. Russian-made planes are being moved up, weapons are coming in, probably troop reinforcements too—all this in violation of armistice terms. The truce team has two Communist-nation members—Poland and Czechoslovakia—plus Switzerland and Sweden. More than 40 complaints of violations from our side have brought at best a 2-2 tie, with official inspections thereby stymied.

No, the Korean war is not over!

CHRISTMAS IN JUNE: Month after month, it becomes our depressing task to write of wars and rumors of war, and yours to read. That's why Chaplain Paul McAfee's letter came as a clean, bright opportunity. It is from Korea, but with no plea for bombs or guns. This present-day Paul writes for simple, unbloodied things—warm clothes for all ages, towels, soap, baby articles, toys and coloring books for little tots. The reason: "Over here in Korea we have had wonderful children's Christmas parties for the last two years. We would like to set into motion a program which will bring aid and happiness during the whole year. The 335th Ordnance Battalion is sponsoring three orphanages in the little town of Heunde. The Battalion has done much to alleviate suffering, but there is much more we can do if you will help us. Almost anything you can send can be utilized."

There! A way to help. A way to give vent to your hatred of hatred. A way to say to the impotent diplomats, "Here is how to do things!" Address: Battalion Chaplain, 335th Ordnance Battalion, APO 973, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

• CHURCH NEWS •

LOOK: Correspondents of the New York Times all over the world took a look at the state of religion in their area, and the newspaper ran their reports as an impressive two-page story

in a Monday morning edition. That, by itself, was perhaps the most important aspect of the assemblage of articles. As Billy Graham puts it, "Religion is hot copy!"

Conclusions of the Times: neither persecution nor war nor science has dealt religion a crippling blow, generally speaking. In the U.S., all three major faiths are thriving. "The Roman Catholic Church is demonstrating great vitality throughout the Americas, North, Central and South. In South America it appears to be launching some attacks on Protestantism. On the other hand, in Europe, Catholicism seems to be either slipping in some instances or in others barely holding its own."

American Protestantism, says the report, is "admittedly weak" in some areas of national life, namely labor and race relations. American Roman Catholics are indicted for "admitted weakness" in nothing, (whether because of greater virtue or greater taciturnity, we do not know).

Of Canada, it is reported that "in Quebec, and to a lesser degree elsewhere in Canada, the Catholic Church is doing little better than holding its own, but Protestant churches are slipping." Australia: only 20 per cent of the people are regular churchgoers. West Germany: religion is not only holding its own but gaining some strength, among both Protestants and Roman Catholics.

SHEIL AND McCARTHY: In a speech before the International Educational Conference of the CIO United Auto Workers, Bernard J. Sheil, Roman Catholic Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago loosed a blast at Roman Catholic Senator McCarthy. He called him a "phony" anti-Communist and said that his tactics undermined democracy. Reactions began coming in—9 to 1 in the Bishop's favor. He is pastor of St. Andrew Church, head of the Catholic Youth Organization—not a top man in the



GOLDEN RULE: A campaign to get motorists to practice the Golden Rule in everyday driving has been launched by a Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Sunday-school class. Initials on dashboard stickers remind motorists to "Drive Like a Christian," with the idea that better safety records would result.

RNS PHOTO

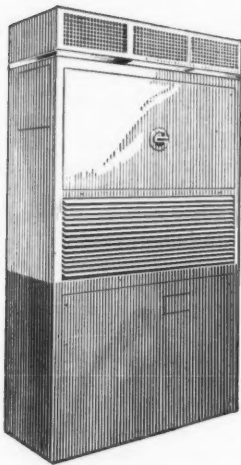
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hierarchy, but apparently one of courage and outspokenness. In New York, the pastor of a Brooklyn Catholic church charged Bishop Sheil with "unsubstantiated and uncharitable attacks" against the Senator. "It is significant," he said, "that not another member of the American hierarchy has emulated Bishop Sheil."

That word "significant" caught our eye. Is it "significant"?

FOOD: Probably someone will be yelping about that new law in Ohio which decrees that churches serving meals to the public for profit must apply for a food service license. Actually, the Attorney General sized down the law, ruled that it didn't apply to churches whose dinners are simply gatherings for fellowship and not finances. Along with the license for churches setting up themselves as part-time restaurants, goes an inspection of the premises.

This seems to us altogether fitting and proper, no infringement upon the freedom of religion, no violation of the First Amendment, no cause for blowing-off valuable energy. Germs observe no wall of separation between church and state. We've heard of more than one case of food poisoning that occurred on holy but unsanitary ground. Microbes are ecumenical.

EXAMPLE: Dr. John Heuss, rector of New York's historic Trinity church, passed along some gems of thought to the 28th annual meeting of the National Religious Publicity Council. Why the lack of greater interest in religion? he asked. The finger is traditionally pointed at "secularism" and "materialism." Dr. Heuss pointed in another direction—at the church. It just doesn't measure up to its big words. The average American is not impressed by the church's "proper and constant claim that the Christian religion alone can save the world. He simply cannot imagine the local church in his community in any such heroic and revolutionary role. The only picture he has in his mind of organized Christianity in action is that of a local church on Main Street. If what goes on there is a sample of how the world is going to be saved, we can hardly blame him if he fails to be impressed."

How impressive is what "goes on" in your church?

"MARTIN LUTHER": It's the most successful church-produced religious film of our day. *Variety*, show-business newspaper, estimates that its U.S. and Canadian gross will reach \$3,500,000, a thoroughly substantial performance. But success always attracts criticism. One barb has been batted down with what should be recorded as the de-

ade's most stunning squelch. When Roman Catholics called the film historically inaccurate and charged that it omitted unfavorable parts of Luther's career and personality, Dr. Paul C. Empie, executive director of the National Lutheran Council, replied in the *American Lutheran* that the film had to concentrate on the essential religious issues of Luther's life. Summed up he: "It's almost amusing to note how Roman Catholics, who tell us not to judge their faith by the immorality of certain popes, ridicule the teachings of Luther on the grounds of his alleged bad table manners."

"DOWNTOWN" SOLUTIONS: The Board of Missions, Methodist Church, has been studying how some of the more successful old downtown churches are staying successful. Examples: First Methodist Church, Trenton, N. J., transfers services during August to an air-conditioned theater and increases attendances sevenfold. (Another way to do it is to transfer air-conditioning to the church!) First Methodist Church of Coral Gables, Fla., maintains its own blood bank, employment and rental agencies. Trinity Methodist Church, Youngstown, Ohio, has a Tuesday Noon Club with luncheon and chapel service for businessmen. Centenary Tabernacle Church in Camden, N. J., located near industrial plants, established a child-care center to look out for youngsters of working parents. Cass Avenue Church, Detroit, now in a "blighted" area, operates 40 activities weekly to meet the needs of 1200 persons a month.

CANONIZATION: We're indebted to our friend Dr. Charles T. Cook, editor of *The Christian*, London, for this pungent comment on the canonization of Pope Pius X, to take place in Rome, June 29. Says Dr. Cook: "The person canonized is placed in the rank of the saints, is declared to be already in heaven and his memory is to be celebrated on a given day through the whole Church. But who was Pius X? He was Pope from 1903-14. There are two matters only we will record during his reign. In 1910 Father Lepichier of the Papal College at Rome issued the second edition of a book in which he defended at length the right of the Church of Rome to put heretics to death. This book was prefaced by a letter from the Vatican expressing Pius's enthusiastic appreciation. In 1907 Pius issued his decree *Ne Temere*: (1) no marriage of a Roman Catholic with a non-Roman Catholic is valid unless conducted by a Roman priest; (2) all children shall be brought up Roman Catholics; (3) the Roman Catholic must promise to do all that is possible to convert the other partner;

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

Can inventiveness



be taught?

There never was a time when America needed more scientific ingenuity than now.

If we are to stay ahead in the world's race for technical supremacy, thousands of highly creative engineers will have to be developed . . . men who can make full, swift use of all our new knowledge and uncover more.

The question is, essentially: who can come up with the best ideas first?

There is a natural creative ability in every engineer. But sometimes it remains undeveloped all his life. That is why at General Electric we send many of our young engineers through a special course called the Creative Engineering Program.

Its aim is to bring out all a young man's inventiveness and teach him ways he can continue to increase it all his life.

A student learns many things.

He learns first that he must always think for himself, not rely only on his textbook information or other people's opinions. His first step to greater creativeness is making his own interpretations and decisions.

He learns to analyze every problem thoroughly . . . but never to be satisfied with just one way to solve it. The tried-and-true approach may not be the

best one. Even methods which at first seem ridiculous often turn out to be extremely practical.

He also learns that working with other creative people can be highly stimulating, and that it often pays to bring a number of minds to bear on a project. One man's hunch inspires another; the half-formed idea of a third is made whole by a fourth; the amusing "notion" tossed out almost as a joke leads to a solution.

He works on real company problems, not just theoretical ones.

Results have been excellent. Most of the students file several patent dockets before the year-and-a-half-long course ends. And, after graduation, the men who have attended the course continue to develop new processes and patentable ideas at an average rate almost three times that of non-graduates. Some have made such important contributions that they have received General Electric's highest achievement award.

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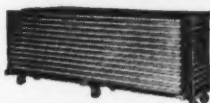
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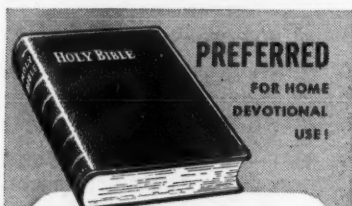
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a non-Catholic partner is only a toler-
ated person in the home."

This was Pius X.

IN BRIEF: John Wesley's boyhood home, Epworth Rectory, near Doncaster, Yorkshire, is to be razed. . . . "Look Up and Live," Sunday morning, no-holds-barred religious TV program, is under Protestant direction during May and June (CBS). . . . The Mormons increased by 57,309 members during 1953. Total now, 1,246,362. . . . National Council is speeding up efforts to find a permanent headquarters city. . . . More than 11,000 attended biennial national Sunday school convention of Assemblies of God held at St. Louis. . . . Bishop Otto Dibelius says that Communist-controlled East Germany is stepping up anti-religious pressure.

Secretary of State Dulles when asked, "Are there any plans for setting up either direct or personal relations with the Holy See?" replied, "I know of no plans to alter the present situation." . . . Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa comes to the U.S. in July for a four-months' stay. . . . The Christian Medical Society for first time has been granted display space at annual American Medical Association Convention, to be held in San Francisco this month. . . . Most of the 30 denominations in the National Council of Churches favor including ministers in federal Social Security, but on a voluntary basis.

New Under Secretary of Labor Arthur Larson is a Lutheran layman. . . . Successor to Dr. Jesse Bader (Disciples of Christ) in National Council Joint Department of Evangelism is Methodist Rev. Berlyn Farris, who takes over June 1; he was pastor of First Church, Eugene, Oregon. . . . The Rev. Harold Hayes Henderson succeeds Dr. Eugene R. Kellersberger, retired, as general secretary of American Leprosy Missions.

• TEMPERANCE •

BAN: The Department of Defense will allow the sale of packaged liquor at 79 military bases in continental United States. At the rest of the nation's 825 military installations, the ban on package sales remains in effect. The over-all ban was dropped last year, clamped on again when religious and temperance groups (and liquor store operators) put up a loud howl. It would seem that perhaps the religious objectors were given a little too large a share of the credit for the re-institution of the ban. What makes one think so? Because the excuse for these 79 exempt bases is that they are situated, in each case, ten miles or more from the nearest commercial liquor store. In other words,

they won't offer competition to civil liquor stores because there is no store close enough to be hurt! Not so much as the flicker of an eyelid in the direction of the nation's millions who burn to a crisp at the knowledge that their taxes are helping to sponsor the sale of liquor to their own sons.

TEMPERANCE? Dr. Selden Bacon, director of the Yale University Studies on Alcoholism, says that the U.S. is experiencing a discernible swing toward temperance in its drinking habits. He gave the AA movement partial credit for the new trend away from alcoholism, although he pointed out that the drinking habits of a nation or a civilization follow certain cycles. At the time national prohibition became effective 35 years ago, Dr. Bacon said (and here we agree with him!), most temperance education ceased because the dries considered they had the drinking problem licked for all time. As a result, when prohibition was repealed 15 years later, the nation was ill-prepared for its re-discovered freedom, went on a national binge for a few years. He regards 1949 as the year when alcohol consumption may have reached a peak in this country.

If we're on the downswing now, we're glad. But we don't go along with the thesis that you can have "temperance" and a "drinking habit" at one and the same time. For our money, temperance, as applied to drinking, means not a little drinking but no drinking. Alcohol admittedly clouds the brain to some extent, even in small doses. Is even a slight case of being out of your mind desirable?

"OVER"-DRINKING: World Health Organizations experts met for a two-week study session at Noordwijk, The Netherlands, and decided that there's a wide range of difference between countries in their definition of how much is "too much." In France, a man oversteps the mark if he drinks more than four liters of wine a day (a liter is a little more than a quart!). In Spain, two liters are too much. In Italy, one is enough. In Belgium, France, Ireland and Scotland, a man has to become quarrelsome, aggressive, rowdy, tearful or otherwise make an obvious fool of himself before he is considered as having "overdone" it. In Austria, so long as he is not drunk more than once or twice a month, he is in good standing; in Italy he must be drunk "frequently" to be overstepping. Non-drinkers in Austria and France are rare, reported WHO. In England and The Netherlands, they are about 10 per cent of the adult population, in Ireland 25 to 30 per cent, and in Italy 13 per cent. In Turkey, half of the male population does not drink.

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Editorially Speaking...

● A NEWSPAPER ERRED

ON March 2nd, the day after four incredible fanatics shot down five Congressmen in the chamber of the House of Representatives, a great New York daily demonstrated how a newspaper may, on occasion, contradict its own sound editorial policy.

The editorial page carried in first place, "The Price of Softness." No words were spared to indict the terrorists: "Last November," the editor wrote, "this same crowd of assassins threatened to kill Henry Cabot Lodge . . . and he had to go about with armed bodyguards." This newspaper warned then that "the arrogance of these gangsters was due to the fact that they had been treated like errant children at the time of their attempt on the President's life." Sharp distinction was rightly made between the Puerto Rican people and these few from among them who are a menace to their own leaders as well as a threat to every public servant in Washington from the President on down. "This organization," the editorial concludes, "must be wiped out of existence. . . . The price we have paid already for softness is much too great."

We applaud the editorial, but on the front page of this same issue appeared the dramatic picture of the young woman who led the assassins. Her mouth is open as it was when she shouted her defiance, and beneath her portrait is a portion of the poem, "My Flag," as translated from sections of the thirteen stanzas found in the apartment of the female killer. The title under the picture and above the verses is, "Assassin's Poem Beats To Terror's Odd Pulse."

Too few read that great editorial but hundreds of thousands saw the picture and read the incendiary verses. Thousands, including "delinquents and neurotics," young and older, were challenged to go out and get the same kind of publicity.

● PARENTS AND THEIR DELINQUENT CHILDREN

HOW foolish can we be? One morning recently I read in a New York newspaper the all-out attack of a Justice of the Domestic Relations Court against what she described as "punitive measures" and the "back to the woodshed" trend in the demands of individuals and organizations to "get tough with the kids" and to "punish the parents." She questioned what might be the editorial reaction of newspapers supporting fines for vandals' parents to a suggestion that everyone living outside of slum areas be "soaked" \$25 to improve housing and health, educational and recreational services for children.

There was much in what the Judge had to say that

was soundly educational, timely and vital. But it was just too bad that there was complete disregard for sound discipline.

On the same morning that New York story was released, bannered across the front page of a Philadelphia daily was the statement that police had been assigned to six high schools in the City of Brotherly Love to protect both pupils and teachers from the physical violence of adolescent boys. In some instances gangs came in from the outside. Little girls of ten and younger had been assaulted.

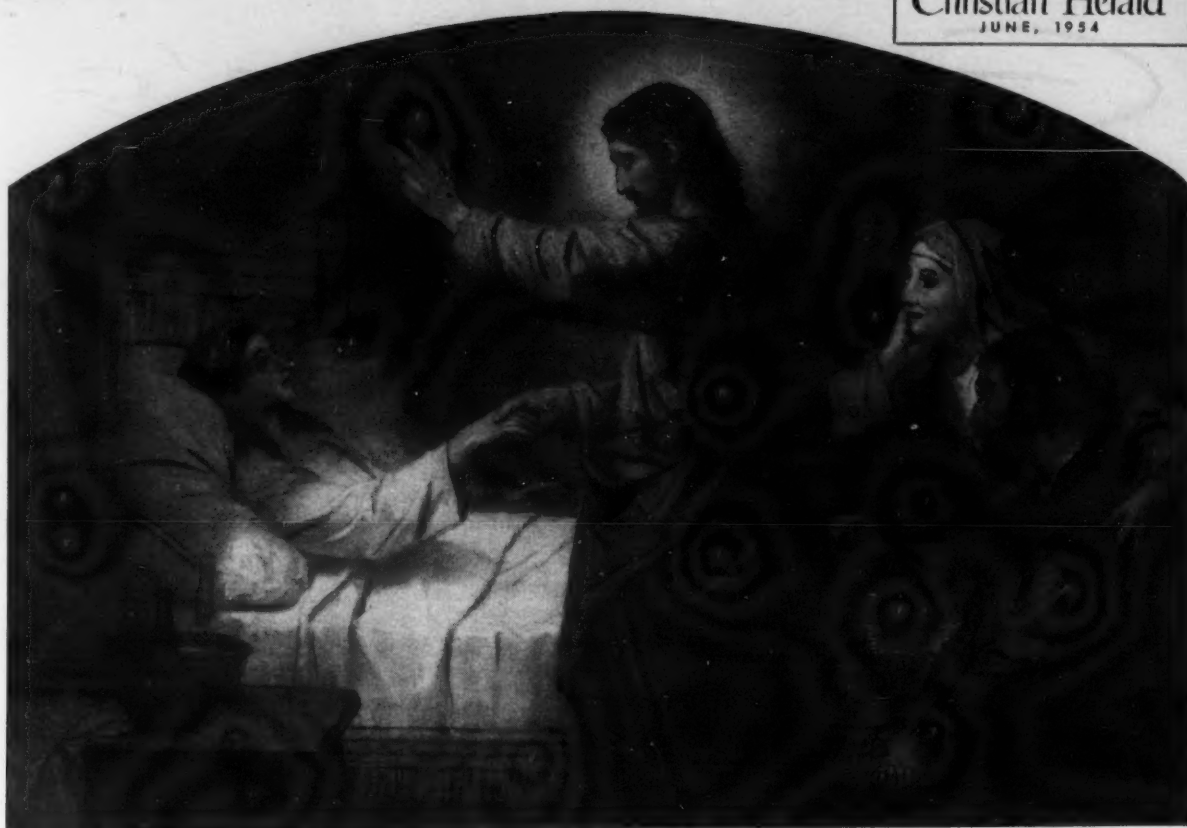
Nor should we overlook the fact that this problem is not confined to the slums. In districts highly privileged the same excesses occur. If parents do not accept and discharge responsibility on their own initiative, the community must act. And delinquent parents should not escape their added share of costs that all taxpayers are now assessed for broken windows, smashed furniture and the hospitalization of the victims. The answer cannot be standardized and there are many answers. But one answer is discipline, and another may be labeled, "pay as you go"!

● SOUND POLICY

IN a special message to the New York Legislature, Governor Thomas E. Dewey made a statement that is reminiscent of Charles Evans Hughes. He said: "After twenty-three years in public life, I am more convinced than ever that commercialized gambling is contrary to a sound public policy and can only have results which are injurious to the public interests."

We are reminded that Hughes was started on one of the most distinguished of all careers in our public life by his relentless war on racetrack gambling. Now Governor Dewey faces a similar flood of corruption. His recommendations are specific. He would keep politics out of the operation of the tracks. He would remove the opportunity for use of political influence for private gain in racing. He would bar all members of the Legislature and all legislative employees, all political leaders whatsoever, from owning any direct or indirect interests in racing associations. But even so, and beyond all possible safeguards, Governor Dewey seems to recognize the fact that commercialized gambling *can't be made law-abiding.*

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD



Does GOD Heal Sickness TODAY?

Here's what many churches are discovering in an exciting new ministry of healing

By GERTRUDE D. McKELVEY

PRACTICALLY no one doubts that God has healed the sick in dim days gone by. It is not especially difficult to accept the fact that Jesus restored sight to the blind, caused the crippled to leap and run, re-sensitized leprosy-deadened nerve endings. But many good churchgoers today have honestly questioned that such healing power is still available. As a reporter, I wanted to find out just how much there was to "faith healing" *now*.

Of course, I knew that at least one comparatively widespread group had sprung up around the premise that health is not only a part but a major province of religion. I was aware of cults and sects that practiced "divine healing" in storeroom churches, brush arbors and tent meetings. I knew of certain free-lance evangelists whose stock-in-trade was spectacular, emotion-packed healing services.

But, I wondered, were any of the "respectable," old-line

churches teaching that God heals sickness today—and actually **seeing it happen?**

I found an answer in Pittsburgh—not in a convention hall or canvas cathedral or wooden tabernacle, but within an organized, even staid denomination. Here, a number of churches are offering a healing ministry that not only works but is revitalizing members, spiritually as well as physically.

Frankly, I was skeptical when I heard about Pittsburgh, and how certain churches were taking literally the Scriptural injunction from James: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord."

I interviewed the man whose influence has made Pittsburgh perhaps the leading Protestant church-center in our country in the movement to re-emphasize spiritual healing. Episcopal Bishop Austin Pardue, (Continued on page 60)

Grandma's APPLE TREE

A story by VIVIAN FLETCHER

ILLUSTRATOR: JOHN FERNIE

"JIM, you've simply got to tell her," Sarah Andrews said, eyeing her husband with exasperated concern.

Jim continued pacing the length of the living-room rug, a frustrating distance since the house was one of those post-war, suburb renditions, scaled more to the proportion of puppets than three grownups and a yeasty youngster. The third adult was Jim's mother, of whom Sarah spoke.

"I just can't bring myself to do it," he said. "Coming on top of what Dr. Marburg told her, it seems heartless. You know how long she's been talking about making this trip. In a way I can understand how she feels. Wyoming's a great place, Sarah." Jim stopped in front of the imitation fireplace and gazed at the electric-reddened coals. "The farm was my whole life too, till I came East to college. And the apple tree's always been something special. I can still see Dad planting it off there in the field where Mom could see it from the kitchen window."

"But the farm's gone!" Sarah superfluously reminded him. "And what's worse, the apple tree's gone."

Julie came running down the stairs. "Mother, have you seen Grandma's umbrella? We're packing her suitcase and we can't find it anywhere. Grandma says she certainly can't go

all the way to Wyoming without her umbrella."

"I think I saw it in the kitchen," Sarah said. "In the corner by the refrigerator. And Julie, please don't fly down those steps like that."

"You'll break your neck one of these days," Jim added automatically.

Julie paused long enough to inform her father, "If I do, I want to be buried under an apple tree like Grandpa is." Then she skipped out to the kitchen, found the umbrella, and skipped back, jouncing to a sudden stop in front of Jim. "Daddy, are you positive there isn't enough money in our budget for me to go too? Half fare is only seventy-four dollars and twenty cents round trip and I'll give up my allowance till the ticket's paid for."

Jim's mind unconsciously divided twenty cents into \$74.20, getting a 371-week mortgage. He shook his head.

"But Grandma says there isn't an apple tree in the whole world like that one on the farm. The apples are this big!" Julie dropped the umbrella, making her hands approximate the size of a fat pumpkin. "And right now that whole tree is covered with blossoms, and when the wind blows they fall just like snow all over the ground. Grandma says so."

Jim absently rubbed a finger over the freckles on her nose, as if by erasing them he could make his

(Continued on page 45)



"Now it's your turn,"
Grandma said to Julie.
"Tell me what you see."



GET READY FOR

U.S. population growth, rising at a phenomenal rate, points to an added 28 million

By WARREN JAMES TAUSSIG

AN irresistible force is at work in America today, testing the resources and ingenuity of every person interested in the welfare and mission of his church.

That force is the continuing expansion of population—now at record height and going higher. After the near stagnation of the 1930s and early 1940s, the U. S. population began its upward surge at the close of World War II. Today that expansion is still in progress.

Every twelve seconds another person is born. Each month enough people are being added to our nation to populate a major city the size of Syracuse, New York.

When we remember that the city of Syracuse, with its 220,000 inhabitants, has 106 churches of all faiths served by 155 clergymen, we can better understand the immensity of the challenge. To meet the needs of our growing population, Americans must each and every month build and staff as many churches as now exist in Syracuse.

The trend is not one which can be expected to level out soon, thereby enabling those church groups who have fallen behind to close the gap. Experts in the U.S. Census Bureau estimate that by 1975 our nation will have attained a population of from 190 to 200 million. Such a growth rate is unprecedented in our history.

While the sheer weight of an added 30 to 40 million

persons would alone tax the resources of our churches, still another factor complicates the problem. There has been no uniformity, from a geographic viewpoint, in the population growth, a pattern likely to continue. Almost one-half of the country's more than 3,000 counties have actually lost population in the past year of record national expansion. The areas growing most rapidly have been the suburbs, which nestle on the fringes of our principal cities.

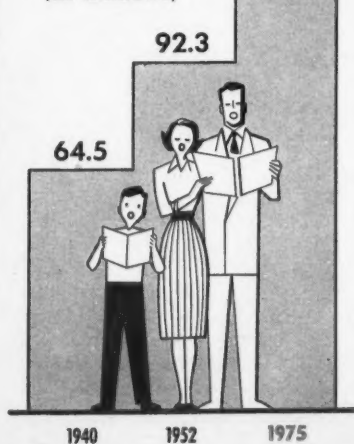
From 1940 to 1950, some nine and one-half million persons, almost half of the decade's population increase, swarmed into the suburbs. This movement away from both the rural districts and the crowded cities has established itself as a major characteristic of our era.

If, as experts anticipate, the population boom carries our nation from its present 160 million to the 200 million mark by 1975, we can expect an influx of at least 20 million more persons into the metropolitan suburbs within that same short period.

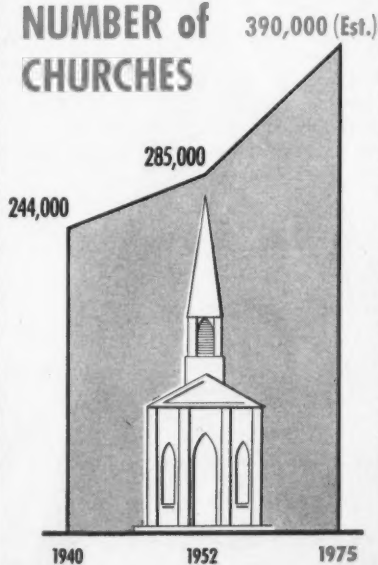
THAT fact offers a problem and challenge to churches just as it has, and will, to other institutions. Our education system, for example, has been especially hard hit. By 1958 more than 27 million youngsters will be attending schools and classrooms meant to hold only 18 million. There will be

A rising population curve indicates that by 1975 church enrollment will soar to an estimated 120 millions, for whom the U. S. will need 390,000 churches, an increase of some 105,000 structures.

CHURCH ENROLLMENT (in millions)



NUMBER of CHURCHES



WHAT'S COMING!

churchgoers by 1975. Keeping pace with this trend offers a problem and a challenge

three children for every two spaces available. In terms of dollars and cents, building adequate schools will require an expenditure of some 10.7 billion dollars.

Other public agencies are confronted with similar demands. There is a greater reliance on automotive transportation. The U. S. Bureau of Public Roads estimates that 44 percent of heavy construction roads in service in 1950 will be worn out by 1960. The road building programs of the combined Federal-state-and-local governments are falling behind schedule. It is estimated that there is a prompt and immediate need to spend something like 45 billion dollars for all roads and highways in this country if the present traffic is to be efficiently accommodated.

SIMILAR needs also exist for water systems, sewage disposal units, drainage controls. In fact, everywhere in public life there is the pressure that the servicing of a vast population increase brings. For municipalities in the suburban areas, the pressures are magnified as populations double and triple in a short span of years.

Even private institutions face their own challenge.

An expanding population, for example, brings with it an increased work force. Young citizens, being graduated from schools, become adults seeking gainful employment. For these, business and industry must assume responsibility. The National Association of Manufacturers estimates that the current population boom is adding about one million workers a year to our employment needs. By 1975, the number of our employable persons will have risen from the 1952 force of 66 million to 88.6 million.

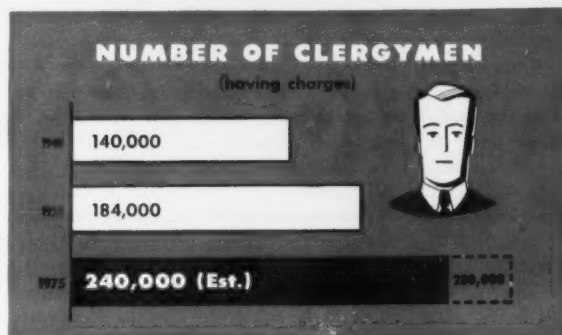
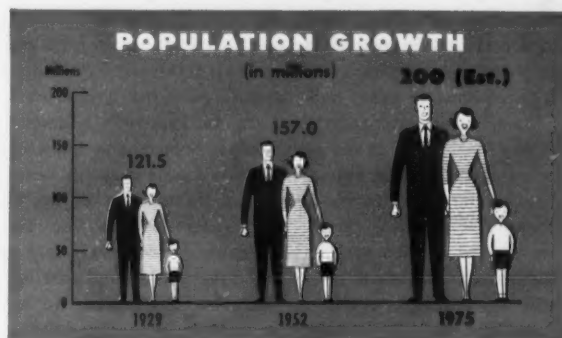
On the average, it requires about \$12,000 in buildings, equipment, and other assets to create the facilities needed for a single new job. To provide jobs, then, for 22 million more workers will take an investment of 264 billion dollars.

The churches have found themselves as involved in the tides of an expanding population as have our other major institutions, public and private. Newcomers to a community need not only schools, roads, public utilities and employment. To the great majority, a complete setting for their own home requires reasonably ready access to a church of their choice. To this need, churches of all faiths are responding and will continue to respond with the same vigorous action resourceful leaders of other institutions are displaying.

Just what is ahead for churches? In 1940, national church enrollment was fixed at 64,501,594. By 1952, church enrollment had leaped to 92,277,129, impressively outstripping the pace of our record population increase. Even if the pace were to slow down somewhat in the coming years, we can reasonably expect a church enrollment of some 120 millions in a 1975 total national population of 200 millions. That means a 28-million increase in church attendance within the next two decades.

Can our present churches accommodate an additional 28 million parishioners? In a sense the question is academic because the decentralization trend already warns that a goodly portion of the population growth will occur in the suburban areas rather than follow a uniform distribution to conform with the present church locations.

Just as the schools, highways and public utilities must



follow the mass population shifts, so must the churches if they are to fulfill their responsibility.

What then will be required in the way of new church construction to service the anticipated 1975 church enrollment of 120 millions? In 1940 there were 244,309 churches throughout the nation. By 1952 the number had risen to 285,277, despite building restrictions during part of that period. At the present rate of population growth, we can expect a need for some 390,000 churches by 1975. This would represent an increase of some 105,000 structures above those in existence in 1952, not taking into account buildings which must be replaced because of obsolescence.

THE cost of church construction varies and it is difficult to strike an average even for the purpose of projecting a dollars-and-cents target for 1975. A survey of architectural firms specializing in suburban church construction, however, reveals that a conservative estimate of average unit cost today is in the neighborhood of \$75,000. This would mean that the cost of additional structures required for 120 million persons would be some 7.5 billion dollars.

But the erection of the main unit does not end a church's responsibility to the community. An indispensable part of any church program today is the church school. Other activities may equally demand their own special facilities.

In 1952 there were more than 32 million children

J. C. Penney

LINES OF A LAYMAN

HARD RIGHT OR EASY WRONG?



AMERICA is truly great by every worthy test. It could have been greater than it is had there not been some throughout every period of its history who retarded its growth by greed, corruption in high places, petty partisanship at crucial times, and individual selfishness. Selfishness, of course, is the festered spot in every evil situation whether world, national or individual.

As a nation, and as individuals, our fate will be determined by our choice of the *hard right* or the *easy wrong*. Softened by comfortable living in easy-going periods, our spiritual and physical muscles tend to become flabby. We need reversions to difficulties to toughen us up. Periods such as the present are testing times. The harder they become, the more determined we should be not to be swept aside by the fears and doubts that bedevil the world. We must return to right principles, putting aside negativeness and self-indulgence. No matter what lies ahead, we must carry on to the best of our ability, doing our utmost from day to day, each in our own niche. In such times those who are too soft, who lack the courage and stamina to strive, slacken effort. *Real men tighten their belts, throw full weight into the harness of their daily activities and pull with all their might and main.*

God helping us, let us choose for ourselves the *hard right*. If enough individuals will gird themselves and play their part as men, our America will be made safe for its own people and will stand as a beacon light of hope to a war-torn, war-weary world.

between the ages of five and 19 enrolled in the nation's 257,318 church schools. With the number of children in that same age range scheduled to nearly double by 1975, our church schools will undergo the same crowding now evident in our public schools. Church school space must similarly, then, keep expanding with the increased attendance.

Of growing concern to many clergymen today is the programing of adequate activity for parishioners in their later years. The work of the church among this age group is steadily expanding and can be expected to assume greater importance in the next quarter century. A comparative study between the composition of our national population in 1952 and that anticipated for 1975 reveals that the number of persons aged 65 years or more will rise from 13 millions to more than 20 millions. Where a parish has two elderly parishioners today, there will be three in 1975. There must be facilities for developing adequate activities for this group.

But the brick-and-mortar of the church unit, the social hall and the church school are not sufficient. One of the most important elements of a national church program is the avail-

ability of trained clergymen to staff expanded facilities.

In 1940 census takers found 140,077 active clergymen in the United States. In 1952, denominations reporting to the National Council of Churches set the number of their clergymen having charges at 183,899. With 1975's increased church enrollment, from 240,000 to 280,000 active clergymen will be required.

The training of some 57,000 to 100,000 additional clergymen becomes an immediate concern of our seminaries and colleges. For this task, long range planning and preparation are demanded since the facilities must be available many years before the clergyman is graduated and assumes his pastoral duties.

Today most church groups are already reporting a shortage of trained clergymen. In 1952, for example, the Episcopal Church had 688 openings it was unable to fill. The Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., had an even greater shortage.

In a large sense it is the thoroughness with which our seminaries are blueprinting tomorrow's needs that will spell the final answer to the question of whether or not the nation's churches have been able to anticipate

and meet the challenge that 1975 offers them.

In your own community, particularly if yours is one of those affected by the revolutionary decentralization trend, you can already judge for yourself how adequately the various agencies concerned are coping with the problems posed.

Where schools must operate in crowded morning and afternoon shifts, where automobiles pile up in long lines at critical traffic intersections, we can conclude that the challenge has momentarily threatened to swamp the best efforts of administrators. They are already responding, however, with emergency measures and desperate longer range planning.

There are communities, as well, where the sudden influx of parishioners has swept like a tidal wave into existing church facilities, to send trustees and clergymen to remedial blueprints. No one institution can be said to have the complex situation completely under control. The thrust of population growth, combined with decentralization, came far too swiftly and in too great numbers.

But we have only to examine the reports of the U. S. Department of Commerce to realize that church administrators have sensed the magnitude of the challenge and are beginning to respond.

In 1946, at the close of World War II and the start of the population surge, new church construction totaled 76 million dollars. Thereafter the churches began racing in earnest to keep pace with the population growth. By 1949 new church construction was progressing at the rate of 360 million dollars a year; last year, following a rising curve, construction jumped to a high of 474 million dollars.

AMBITIOUS building campaigns are being launched in many denominations. The Episcopal Church has set a national goal of 4.1 million dollars in its current "Builders for Christ" fund drive. The Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., is raising 12 million dollars to be used in expanding church and seminary facilities. The American Baptist Convention is seeking 8.5 million dollars in its "Churches for New Frontiers" campaign.

But it is the layman, the man and woman in the pew, who must bear the ultimate responsibility. No general can plan a battle and hope for success if the soldiers of his army do not perform their duty with dedication and sacrifice. It's the layman who must reorient his thinking—and his giving, both of time and money—if the performance of the church is to be equal to the opportunity of the century.

THE END

CHRISTIAN HERALD



THE WOLF TREE

By DOROTHY WALWORTH

ONLY the forest rangers and the men in the fire towers knew that country well. My husband and I had never seen so remote a town. It lay 50 miles from the railroad over a corduroy road that seamed like a wrinkled scar the thick, deep northern woods. Every few miles were signs: "Cut the Wolf Trees Down. Use Them for Fuel."

The town itself, a few hundred cabins, had no electric lights, and modern plumbing was thought harmless but unnecessary. The lake, a few miles away, was so lonely that bear and moose came to drink. And it was full of black bass.

In that townful of guides and trappers, the man that folks cottoned to was Hank Dobbs. He was a six-foot beanpole of a fellow, in his thirties, with a wife and two small boys that he set special store by. He could make any car run that had wheels, or fix any radio while there was life in the battery. He built stoves, mended sink spouts, even dressed wounds neat as a doctor. Hank was a champion, also, at hunting bear and trapping mink or muskrat.

"You was horseshoe-lucky getting Hank to guide you for the bass," folks told us. "He won't do nothing unless he takes a notion. Truth to tell, he ain't been like himself since he got back a year ago" (Continued on page 56)

ILLUSTRATOR: AL TARTER





The Vestals, who hear often from their now grown-up children, are busy raising a fifteenth child, a granddaughter, adopted when one son was killed in World War II. Below, an early snapshot of the Vestals and ten of their brood.



Children

WERE THEIR BEST CROP

Through fifty years of toil and sacrifice the Rolla C. Vestals, on their farm in Texas, have raised fourteen children in an atmosphere of Christian love and faith

By CYRIL E. BRYANT

I'VE just met the most inspiring family I've ever been privileged to know—the Rolla C. Vestals, who for fifty years have wrested a precarious living from their small farm near Whitewright, Texas. For Mother and Dad Vestal the years have often been hard ones, filled with wars, depressions and family adversities. Yet through it all these simple, courageous people have steadfastly dedicated themselves to the raising of their most important crop—their fourteen children. At a sacrifice of toil and tears which would have crushed weaker hearts, the Vestals have provided their children with college educations, have reared them in Christian faith and love, and have planted in their hearts the ideals of courage, hard work and vision which are the

very stuff of America's greatness. And the job isn't finished yet. Even as they now approach their golden anniversary—to be celebrated on August 24th—Mother and Dad Vestal are busy raising a fifteenth child, their orphaned granddaughter Louise, whom they adopted when their son Louis died at Iwo Jima.

When I went to visit the Vestals I found a large frame house with an open porch in front of which lies an inviting oak-shaded lawn. Young Louise was playing with the dog in the front yard, and as I came up the walk, Mother Vestal—who had never seen me before—leaned out of an upstairs window to bid me a cheery welcome. "Come in and make yourself at home. Dad just went to the post office to see if there were any letters from the kids." A mo-

ment later Dad Vestal, short, stocky, and white-haired, came puffing into the house. "Got two letters," he grinned excitedly. "One from Myra Nell in Michigan, the other from Hamilton, in Casablanca, French Morocco. And last night Zoe, our youngest daughter who just got married, called from Houston just to tell us how happy she is." And then he warmly shook my hand.

MOTHER Vestal cordially insisted on showing me their home, with its fourteen rooms and thirteen beds. As I moved through the house it wasn't hard for my mind to slip into the past and to visualize the fourteen children shouting up from the shaded lawn below, bowing reverently for family devotions in the big living room each



Addison, eldest of the fourteen and now a father, was valedictorian of his high-school class, going on to college as did all but one of the others.

night, and then dreaming of the happy lives that lay before them as they slept in these comfortable sprawling rooms. All fourteen children had graduated from the Whitewright school, just across the street, and had been baptized in the little Baptist church just three blocks away. The walls of the spacious living room were covered with recent pictures of the children. On a sideboard were scrapbooks and albums filled with photographs of the children when they were very young. And on a little table near the center of the room was the old family Bible—now so worn that its covers were held together with scotch tape.

As I talked with the Vestals it was easy to see the dynamic role the Bible had played in teaching these people the ways of wise and simple living. Dad was a great believer in hard work. "It has been as important in filling our characters as it has been in filling our smokehouse. In fact"—he grinned cheerfully at Mother Vestal—"there have been times, especially when cotton dropped to a nickel a pound, when work produced more character than it did greenbacks." Even when they were very young, the Vestal children each performed whatever work he could do. One son, Burger, recalls driving a four-mule team when he was so small that he had to sit on an upended tub so he could reach the reins.

Dad Vestal taught his children that while the world didn't owe them a living, they could count on it to reward them handsomely if they used the talents God gave them. And even more importantly, he instilled in them what he calls "man's improvability"—the power that enables a man to reach any

The Vestal home (shown above) is a fourteen-room frame structure shaded by oaks.

Hamilton, critically wounded on Guadalcanal, has a chat with Mrs. Roosevelt.

Vestals' granddaughter Louise receives scholarship to Baylor University.



OFFICIAL U.S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO



goal he desires provided he is willing to work hard enough to achieve it.

Mother Vestal, of course, believes that motherhood is woman's greatest calling, and that when the Lord intrusts a woman with children it is her sacred responsibility to train and tend them to the best of her ability.

In the Vestal household there is no such thing as compromise. A thing is either right or wrong. As we talked I noticed young Louise watching a beer advertisement on television. I asked Mother Vestal if she ever censored the programs for Louise. "We've taught Louise that some things are good, and others are bad," she replied calmly, "and she now knows pretty well which is which. Evil is everywhere, and it would be foolish of us to deny its presence. But we do have the choice of not participating in it."

Probably the most dynamic force in the lives of the Vestals has been the church. As Burger so aptly explained, "Nothing in this family was ever said about *going* to church. When Sunday came we just got dressed and *went*." Dad taught Sunday school for years before he became Sunday-school superintendent and finally deacon. And always the church singing was led—and the old foot-pumped organ was played—by two of the Vestal children, with the younger ones taking over the duties when their older brothers and sisters left to go away to college.

Dad and Mother Vestal actually began their child-training careers the day after their wedding. Dad Vestal was an elder son, and when he and Lora Robinson were married they immediately took over the family left by his recently deceased mother. On the first morning of her married life, 18-year-old Lora found herself caring for her father-in-law, her aged grandmother-in-law, and Rolla's four young brothers and sisters. "But that didn't stop us from thinking about our own family," smiles Mother Vestal. Addison, their first son, was born in 1905, Grace arrived in 1907, and the pace continued—literally "from A to Z"—until Zoe came along in 1931.

The Vestals' first home was two miles from Whitewright, where Dad had an 85-acre farm and a small house with a huge screened porch. "Before we knew it, there were so many in our family that we had to sleep on the porch and just use the rest of the house for cooking and dressing."

Almost from the first the Vestals felt the heavy hand of misfortune, which struck hard and often. Once a screaming tornado hurtled their way. Howling winds in the dead of night laid waste to everything in their path. Yet miraculously the Vestal home was spared. "Our home stood simply be-

cause the Lord was with us," says Mother Vestal with deep conviction. "And God in our house was stronger than the terrible winds outside."

"Also," adds Dad with a gentle smile, "Mother prayed so loud you could hear her all the way to Whitewright."

Then there was that tragic September day—the very day the Vestals had had a \$1,000 player piano delivered to their home. Mother was in the kitchen doing the laundry when Dad suddenly smelled smoke. The blaze, started by a spark from the fire under a washtub, was soon out of control. Mother and Dad rolled their brand new piano off the porch and saw it crash into the front yard. Then they



turned and helplessly watched their small home burn to the ground. Not a stick of furniture, not a shred of clothing—except what they and the children were wearing—was saved. Even the \$125 Addison had received the day before for a bale of cotton, went up in the leaping flames. "It was the straw that nearly broke our backs," recalls Dad Vestal with grim thoughtfulness.

Yet not a minute was wasted in moaning or self pity. As the Vestals had so often told their children, "With faith and hard work you can accomplish anything." And so the next day, with their ten homeless youngsters clinging to their hands, and with scarcely a dollar to their names, Dad and Mother Vestal returned to Whitewright, found a home they could buy with a loan, and quietly started their lives all over again.

But adversity wasn't through with them yet. In 1918 five of the children came down with pneumonia all at the same time, with young Emma hovering on the brink of death for weeks. On another occasion seven of the children were critically sick with scarlet fever. Over a two-year period there were fourteen family operations, with five tonsilectomies performed in a single

morning. And in 1931 when 3-year-old Joe was suddenly taken desperately ill with diphtheria, eight of the children were hurriedly inoculated in the middle of the night. Through every siege of family illness Mother Vestal would singlehandedly nurse her children—as many as eight at a time—until the doctor finally ordered her to bed. "But even then she would go right on praying," says Dad Vestal, "until the kids were all well again."

Perhaps the Lord came closest to Mother Vestal on February 21, 1945—a day she will never forget. At two o'clock that morning she leaped from her bed, crying "Louis is dead! Louis is dead!" Dad Vestal hurried to comfort her. "Lie down, mother. You've just had a bad dream." But she couldn't sleep any more that night. Each time she closed her eyes she would see her soldier son, Louis, standing in front of her for a moment—and then suddenly crumpling to the ground.

The next morning at breakfast the family pleaded with Mother Vestal to forget her "nightmare." But the mental picture of her dying son was so persistent that Dad finally called in pastor Weldon R. Drake to console her. The minister listened to her story and prayed with her. But when he left, he looked solemn and worried.

Three weeks later the telegram came from the War Department, verifying Mother Vestal's "nightmare" to the exact hour.

Some months later Hamilton was wounded on Guadalcanal and lay critically ill in a hospital. "It was then that I really learned to pray," says Mother Vestal. "I had made the mistake of pleading with the Lord to save my boy, and of then continuing to doubt his recovery. Finally God said to me, 'When you bring me your burdens, leave them with me. From then on my mind eased, and I knew God would make my boy well again.'"

Ever since Addison first entered the Whitewright School in 1911, Dad Vestal has impressed on his children that it isn't good enough for them to be merely the best in their class. "You must strive to be the best of which each of you is capable." The youngsters were encouraged to solve their problems of study in their own way—although none left for school in the morning before Mother Vestal had first checked their homework. Each of the girls was offered music lessons on the instrument of her choice, with Mother Vestal teaching them piano, voice and guitar. A slight financial crisis arose however, when Myra Nell decided to study the violin. Dad Vestal had to trade a mule—and a sixteen-hand mule at that—to buy the good violin

(Continued on page 36)

Happy Now Where Heart Is

An American city owes its beauty
to this Japanese Johnny Appleseed



Masa and Kotaro Suto, whose plants transformed Miami Beach.

By BEN FUNK and JAMES MONAHAN

ONE evening in May 1953, newspaper readers puzzled over a strange advertisement in the *Miami Daily News*: *We are going back to Japan. We will miss the Miami community because it is as much our home as is Japan. May God bless you and keep you in good health. You will be our friends always. (Signed) Kotaro and Masa Suto.*

But the real old-timers read the news through misty eyes and remembered. Kotaro Suto was the modest, lovable little man with the "green thumb" who, singlehanded and unpaid, had transformed the wastelands of Miami Beach into a tropical paradise of graceful palms, flowering shrubs and exotic blooms.

For more than 35 years he had rambled over the island like a Japanese Johnny Appleseed, beautifying public grounds and the lawns of private homes. People who tried to pay him will never forget his smiling rejoinder: "Suto not need money. City must be pretty place."

At least one old pioneer answered the ad: "Good-bye, Mr. Suto. Your devotion to American ideals transcends even our citizenship" . . . But even then no one could foresee that the brightest episode in the Americanization of Kotaro Suto was still to come.

He had landed in San Francisco in

1900—a diminutive lad of 20 with a toothy smile and eyes searching for the "American frontier" of the storybook. Instead he was soon lost in the city's large Japanese colony.

For 15 years he worked as houseboy, day laborer, truck farmer, gardener. Then an employment agency told him about a faraway place called Florida where jobs were plentiful. Thus Kotaro Suto found his frontier far down on the Florida peninsula where, in 1916, Carl Fisher was pumping up the magic city of Miami Beach out of a swampy sand bar that lay across Biscayne Bay.

THE wasteland might have seemed hopeless to any gardener but a Japanese. But Kotaro Suto realized that the warm subtropic sun could coax flowers out of the sand and coral reef and make them bloom the year around. He went to Carl Fisher's own estate and asked for a job.

"Poor Mister Fisher have white-man gardener," Suto recalls. "Pretty bad. Not make things grow like Japanese. Mister Fisher smile when I say I fix place real pretty."

Soon Fisher's grounds were transformed, for Suto was accustomed to growing things in stubborn earth. He worked from dawn until after dark, fascinated by the new city that Fisher

was slowly carving out of the alligator-infested mangrove swamp.

Without being told or asked, Kotaro Suto took on part of the larger job. When road-building machines cut across filled-in land he followed silently, planting things along the new parkways. In his spare time he traveled over the island putting down shrubs, trees and flowers he had started in Fisher's nursery. He would slip quietly into a front yard after dark; in the morning the homeowner would look out upon some breathtaking bit of beauty that hadn't been there the day before.

Carl Fisher inquired about these round-the-clock labors. Suto explained shyly: "When see ugly spot, easy to stop truck and plant something. Place look not so good now, but some day be beautiful."

LIKE everyone else who knew him, the Fishers fell in love with the little man's simplicity and quiet charm. But he seemed so lonely that in 1920 they offered to send him back to Japan to find a wife. Suto beamed with joy and gratitude. Jane Fisher teased him: "You must not bring an ugly girl to our beautiful Miami. Take time and find a pretty wife."

Weeks later they heard from him in Japan. "Many ugly girls want come to

America. Pretty girls stay home," he reported. "I keep looking." Then he returned triumphantly with little Masa, frail, exquisite daughter of a Kanagawa silk merchant.

Now Suto labored joyously with his hands deep in the soil he loved. Masa went to school studying the strange language. Together they spent their evenings poring over books and magazines to learn American ways.

Touched by their devotion, Carl Fisher gave them a small tract of land and Suto started his own nursery business. He grew thousands of choice trees and plants. But for every one he sold he planted dozens more along the city's streets.

Miami Beach grew rapidly during the '20's. Hotels sprang up along the ocean front; pastel-hued homes lined the streets from the ocean to the bay. New parks were laid out. Suto took them on as personal projects, donating his plants and landscaping genius to beautify them. When the world-famous Lincoln Road was cut across the island, he planted its entire length with flowering oleanders.

Friends urged him to bill the city. "Suto have too much plants," he said. "Beauty belongs not in nursery but where people can see."

Despite his generosity the business prospered. He employed and trained dozens of gardeners, and soon was servicing about one hundred estates. But alone in his rattletrap truck he still made his daily rounds, sprucing up little homesteads, caring for public grounds.

As his bank account grew he contributed generously to local charities and civic projects, slipping into the office of Attorney Frank Katzentine, an old and trusted friend, to make his gifts anonymously.

The depression brought Miami Beach's fabulous growth to a temporary halt. Unemployed men were put to work on the city streets. One day Suto talked with a group of workers who were listlessly raking leaves. One was a carpenter by trade, another a plumber, another an electrician.

Suto went to see Katzentine, then mayor of Miami Beach. "Men not made for raking leaves," he said. "Should build things city needs."

The city raised some money and obtained more from the federal government, and the relievers built a fine public library. But there were no funds for landscaping the bare and ugly grounds. Then one day passersby beheld a miracle. The barren tract had been blanketed with lush green sod. Trees and shrubs transformed the site into one of Miami's loveliest parks. Suto had been there.

Carl Fisher died in 1939, and the

Early in the Morning

SUNDAY morning is my time for relaxing.

Of course, I go to church. I mean early Sunday morning.

My employment requires forty hours a week in a nearby city, and I commute from my suburban acreage with livestock that requires daily care. Six days this attention is simply a chore, but on the seventh day it is a way of relaxing and finding a closer communion with God.

Somehow, on early Sunday mornings the skies are bluer, the sun is brighter and the dew more sparkling. It's because I have time to observe and meditate; time to stop and watch the small things. I have time to realize that the God-created warmth of the sun aids all growing things.

Rainy Sundays are more enjoyable than others. With ample protection to body and feet, it's thrilling to walk in the storm with the warm rain beating in my face. It's then I realize that God also sends the rain so necessary in plant growth.

Snowy Sunday mornings are more challenging. When I rise early on a dark winter Sunday morning, the beating snowflakes are God's finger tapping on my window, coaxing me out. I'm impressed with the marvel of the snowflakes; thousands, yes, millions—each distinctly different.

Fall Sunday mornings are exhilarating. While the annuals may be gone, the perennials and trees have put on their brightest hues before they too rest for the winter. On these occasions I wonder—perhaps death is like that. A beautiful falling asleep to awaken in a fairer land.

Spring Sundays are superb. The grass is greener, the sun is warmer, and there is time to poke in the mulched tulip bed to see if the dormant bulb has sprouted.

These treasured Sunday morning experiences strengthen my belief in God. Who if not God is behind every sunset and sunrise, every clocked movement of our Universe, so accurately timed that we know that on December 21 winter begins, that next March 20 spring begins, and that on Christmas Day (1954) in my part of Ohio, the sun will rise at exactly 7:28 and set at 4:32?

It grieves me when I hear fellow workers tell of spending Saturday nights in revelry, only to spend Sundays till mid-afternoon resting. They fail to see the footprints of God.

As I find my way to Divine Worship, I think I have an edge, spiritually, on my Christian friends who are fifteen minutes from bedroom to pew.

—CHESTER H. DIBBLE

city erected a monument which testifies: "He carved a great city from a jungle." On Christmas morning the grounds around the statue were ablaze with brilliant red poinsettia plants—the first of Suto's annual tributes to his friend and benefactor.

"Suto's happiness was always the reflection of someone else's joy," says Mrs. J. Julien Southerland, Miami Beach pioneer. "He would plant things around drab little homes while people were away at work, and enjoy their surprise when they came home."

Pearl Harbor was a personal tragedy. Suto's gentle soul was devastated by the folly and slaughter between the two peoples he loved. Then the Air Forces took over most of Miami Beach. Strangers peered suspiciously at the timid little man. Miami Police and the FBI were besieged by ugly rumors that Kotaro Suto was a Japanese spy.

"Finally we had to raid his home," Detective Pete Stewart recalls. "Sure enough, we found 'papers'—stacks of them, hidden in an old trunk. They were unredeemed Liberty Bonds from the First World War, copies of the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address, and a dog-eared 'Boy's Life of George Washington.'"

Somehow the Sutos survived the grim years. When the war was over Kotaro Suto felt tired and old. He reached his 70th birthday in 1950, and arthritis was crippling his once nimble knees. He worried about his lovely Masa who was 20 years younger.

One evening in December 1952 Frank Katzentine came home to find Suto planting a giant flowering Ixora tree in his front yard. The little man greeted him with tear-filled eyes. "Mamma and me make unhappy decision," he said. "Time now we go back to Japan. Soon Suto die—Mamma must be near own family."

Katzentine argued that the Sutos would never be happy in Japan. "After all these years," he said, "you're both more American than Japanese." But Suto would not be swayed.

For the next six months he was busy winding up his affairs. He parceled out the business among his employees, and persuaded customers that Suto-trained men would carry on as always. To each man he presented tools and equipment in exchange for a promise to take care of the public places Suto loved. He refused to put a price on his enormous stock of shrubs and plants. Instead he made a farewell tour of Miami Beach, tenderly placing them in public and private grounds.

On the eve of the Sutos' departure a touching ceremony took place in the
(Continued on page 68)



By RAYMOND DREYFACK

A Gift to Remember

MOTHER glanced nervously out the train window at the neatly hedged suburban houses coming into view. They were nearing the city and she still hadn't told Pa. The purse on her lap where she had the envelope containing the steamship tickets and travelers' checks she had bought as a wedding present for Alice and their son-in-law-to-be felt as heavy as the weight on her conscience.

She glanced at Pa, on the seat beside her. He was a lean, raw-boned man with a belligerent face and set, stubborn lines around his mouth. Right now, the way he was scowling at the paper, he seemed grumpier and more inaccessible than usual. But she had to say something, regardless. Ten minutes more, and they'd be there.

She tried a little cough to draw his attention, but Pa's eyes did not leave the paper. It was a disgrace, Mother thought, the way he could concentrate, with his own daughter's wedding less than two hours off.

She said finally, to open a conversation, "It'll work out all right,

It might be a bad thing between them for all time, but a daughter had to have a proper wedding present.

Pa. There's no need for you to fret."

He looked up. "What's that?"

"Tod and Alice. The marriage. It'll work out."

"Oh, that. . . ." Pa's eyes returned to the paper.

Mother bit her lip. Pa was so unreasonable. This morning he'd been more difficult than ever. A couple of times she had half expected him to back out of the trip altogether, and go off somewhere by himself with his precious new movie camera. From the start he had never accepted the fact that Alice meant to be married to Tod. To him she was still a foolish child with a silly notion in her head.

But it wasn't pushed out, and when the wedding arrangements were made—by long distance, because Alice was away at school—it had come as a shock. Now he was acting childish about it. That's why she hadn't told him about her trip to the bank. She was sure he would storm out of the house and refuse outright to attend the wedding. She thought that maybe on the way down his mood would mellow and he'd be easier to talk to.

Now that hope was gone too. He'd been as sullen and brooding as ever, and when he found out what she had done there was no telling how he'd react. The money she had secretly drawn for the children really belonged to both of them. It was money she and Pa had saved for a trip of their own, just the two of them, and now Pa even had a two-hundred-dollar movie camera he had won at the plant for submitting the best suggestion of the year.

He was so proud of that camera, and he had been looking forward to the trip for so long. But so had she, Mother reasoned, and what was more important was that they had only one daughter. If she knew Alice the way she thought she did she would be married only one time in her life, and their wedding present to her must be something she could look back to with happiness and pride.

SHE braced herself again. "Pa—"

He looked up from the paper.

"What's wrong, Pa? What have you got against him?"

"Got nothing against him," Pa said.

"It's no crime, being young, you know."

"Never said it was a crime." He turned back to the paper.

"How old were we," Mother persisted, "when we got married?"

Exasperated, Pa stopped looking at the paper. He folded it impatiently. "That was different, and you know it. Boy of twenty then was like a man of thirty today. Hardworking, plenty sensible, established."

"Tod's hardworking too," Mother ar-

gued, "and he's got things planned out. He knows what he wants to do."

Pa snorted. "When he gets out of school in two years. Who's to support Alice in the meantime? Child of nineteen leaving her home and security. Never should have let her go to an out-of-town school in the first place."

"She's almost twenty," Mother said, "and she loves Tod. They'll manage, and be happy doing it. With his GI allowance—"

"Chicken feed," Pa scoffed.

"Maybe so. But with both of them working part time, and Tod getting them into that low cost housing project, they'll do fine, maybe even save."

"Precious lot they'll save. You're spouting sentimental mush. Alice is a



PROMPTER

In church, the early birds avoid

Front seats in which to pray;

I guess they think late-comers need

Salvation more than they!

—Elinor K. Rose



baby, impulsive, immature, first time away from home. Goes off to school, meets a boy, and pffft, that's it. No family talks, no advice asked from her parents. Just, 'Mother, Pa, this is Tod; we're in love. We're going to be married.'

Mother said softly, "Times have changed."

"They sure have," Pa muttered. He unfolded his paper again.

Mother settled back in her seat. She recalled the day Pa spoke of, Easter vacation it was, and Alice had come home with Tod. It was pretty much the way Pa had mimicked it, she thought. "This is Tod; we're in love. We're going to be married."

Maybe Pa was right, Mother thought. Maybe she was a sentimentalist. Of course, in the beginning, she too was shocked. Then as she came to know Tod, she was glad, actually happy for Alice, because he was such a nice boy, so eager and earnest, wanting to please—and so very much in love with her daughter.

Thinking back to her first days with Pa she knew that this was all that really mattered, that whatever Pa thought, Alice and Tod would make out. They'd struggle and skimp at first just as she and Pa had done, but they'd make out.

The train suddenly jerked, and then pulled slowly into the station. On the

platform Pa informed an openmouthed redeap that, being no invalid, he was perfectly capable of handling his own small valise. Outside they got into a taxi and were driven to the hotel.

THE wedding was a small affair in the apartment of a young couple Alice and Tod knew. It was a simple ceremony, with Tod's folks and less than a dozen people present, and even though Alice was not a bride in white, she looked lovely and radiant. It was all quite touching, Mother thought. Then came the nagging worry about the money.

She still hadn't said a word to Pa, and now that the wedding was over and it was time for saying good-by, he was going to know without being told. In Mother's heart was an aching fear he would be deeply hurt by what she had done, that it would be a bad thing between them for all time to come. But she knew this too, with a firm and stubborn conviction: their daughter had to have a proper and worthy wedding present from them.

Reaching into her purse Mother handed the envelope to Alice in front of Pa, and told them what was in it. Both Tod and Alice were touched, and although they could not hide their excitement at the prospect of a trip, they tried to talk her out of it.

Not daring to look at Pa, Mother said firmly, "Instead of wearing yourselves out arguing, you'd best be on your way."

For a bad moment she felt an agony of apprehension that Pa would say something terrible, blurt out his shock and indignation before everyone and disgrace them horribly. But he kept his silence, and now after many thanks the children were leaving, and the guests following them to the car.

Holding back a moment she turned fearfully to face him. "Pa—" To her amazement he didn't look furious or outraged at all.

"Guess they'll do right well," Pa murmured. "What with your gift, and the camera I gave Tod. . . ."

"Pa, not your movie camera!"

He shrugged uneasily. "Figured you'd get lonesome for her. Figured if you couldn't have her around, movies was the next best thing."

His nose twitched self-consciously, and his voice became gruff. "Come on now, let's not take all day. We're probably holding them up now."

Taking her elbow he propelled her out the front door to where the car was getting ready to leave.

Mother fumbled in her purse for a handkerchief. Figured I'd get lonesome, she thought wonderingly. Just me. Pa would never get lonesome for her. Oh, no. Not Pa! THE END

Let's Reverse the Question



TEXT: "And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter."—Luke 22:61

By ROY L. SMITH

MOST of us have heard sermons since the days of our childhood on the theme, "What think ye of Christ?" And they have been good sermons, well worth preaching. But the time may have come when we ought to reverse the question, and ask "What does Christ think of us?"

Professor Thomas Kepler tells the story of a club in the city of London which included in its membership a blatant and highly vocal atheist by the name of Crow. On every occasion when he could contrive to bring the conversation around to the subject of religion he would declare, with a considerable admixture of profanity, his complete disbelief in Christ and his general contempt for Christianity.

Other members of the club, for the most part, listened to his diatribes with something like amused tolerance, but one day a notice appeared on the club's bulletin board bearing this rhyme:

We've heard in language highly spiced,
That Crow does not believe in Christ.
But what we're more concerned to know
Is whether Christ believes in Crow.

It should not be too difficult to find what Christ thinks when He looks our way, for the New Testament contains the record of Jesus' opinions about many people, some much like us.

There is the story, for example, of ten men who were the recipients of a great favor at the hands of Jesus. As a matter of fact He gave them back their lives; He restored them to society as well men, after they had been ostracized for years because of a hideous disease. When it was all over, however, and they found themselves entirely well, only one of them hunted Jesus up and thanked Him, whereupon the Master inquired quite pointedly, "Where are the nine?"

It might be a profitable exercise if

we were to ask ourselves, "Can it be possible that we may have failed to express our gratitude to Christ in any adequate way?" It could be terribly embarrassing if we should suddenly realize that we had been the recipients of great favors at the hands of Christ for which we had never shown any



appreciation. Suppose Jesus were saying of us, "I wonder why they never came back to say 'thank you.'"

The world in which Jesus lived was crowded with those who were well satisfied with themselves, just as ours is. They were highly moral people; they were well respected; they were prosperous. They thought that life was good because it proved good to them.

In speaking of such folk on one

occasion Jesus told the story of a self-satisfied saint who tithed all he possessed, fasted twice in the week (though the law required that he fast but once), and enjoyed an exalted sense of his own righteousness. He was so well satisfied with himself that when he prayed he could not think of anything that even God could do for him to make him better. The idea that he lacked anything never entered his mind. In one of the saddest sentences the Master ever uttered He pointed to a penitent renegade nearby and said, "There is more hope for that poor fellow because he can see his own faults."

No person is in a more dangerous position than that one who has come to the conclusion that he is about as good as he can be, or as he need be, and that there is therefore no reason why he should be concerned about himself. If we ever arrive at that deplorable state we may be very sure that Christ is terribly discouraged over us no matter how correct our theology may be.

One of the most disgusting experiences through which our Lord ever passed was that one in which a poor debauched woman was thrown, trembling, at His feet. There could be no possible doubt as to her guilt. She did not even try to offer a word in her own defense.

The ribald crowd demanded that Jesus publicly express His opinion of the sinful woman and of her sin. Instead of doing so, He stooped down and began writing with His finger in the dust of the road. There is an old tradition which says He simply wrote the names of the woman's accusers alongside her name, as though He were listing her paramours. Whether the story is true or not we have no way of knowing. But at least we know that His writing, whatever it may have

been, was so accusing that the strident cries were silenced and the contemptible actors in the drama slunk away without a word.

It is worthy of note that in every case in which Jesus dealt with a weak person—one who had been overcome by a vicious passion or appetite—He was extremely gentle and considerate. He was frank, of course, and He never compromised, but He seemed to understand the unreliability of the stuff of which such sinners were made.

Nothing could make the woman's sin look white to Him, or even gray. It was as black as black could be. He did not, however, add His condemnation to her own humiliation. Instead, he laid upon her the sternest injunction He ever pronounced upon anyone. Knowing the bitter struggle to which He was assigning her He said, "Go your way and never be guilty again." He gave her another chance, and to any sinner who is conscious of his sinfulness, that is glorious good news.

The sinful woman was only one in a considerable crowd, and though her sin was gross and loathsome, it is evident that Jesus held her accusers under a scorn even more unutterable. Wouldn't it be terrible to have Christ thinking about us as He thought about the wretches who stood pointing their foul fingers at the defenseless woman that day?

The story of the diminutive tax collector of Jericho who climbed up into a tree to get a glimpse of Jesus as He passed, and who, the first thing he knew, found himself acting as host to the famous young prophet of Nazareth, throws additional light on the question of what Jesus may think about some of us.

Zacchaeus had betrayed everything sacred when he had accepted his post as the collector of taxes for the hated Romans. To be known as a Communist in our own day is to suffer no more social disapproval than a publican had to endure in Jesus' day. Only the most renegade ever stooped so low, and the little Jericho customs agent was pathetically small in every respect.

But Jesus saw the possibility of great living in even so stunted a soul. Under Christ's graciousness and gentleness the contemptible little fellow began to expand until, suddenly, he became splendid. He renounced his unholo profits and offered to refund to any man he had robbed to the extent of at least 400 per cent. In so doing he exhibited the fact that he had become a new creature so attractive and worthy that Jesus became actually enthusiastic over him. No one can possibly know what the wizened little soul might have been if, years before, he could have met some kindling spirit

just a little like Jesus. But of this we may be sure: if Zacchaeus could be redeemed then none of us needs to despair, and none of us needs to stand in fear of Christ.

An extremely attractive young man broke Jesus' heart one day. The lad was a handsome chap—eager, impulsive, capable, rich and of good moral character. There was within him the possibility of true greatness and the Master was greatly attracted to him. But the youth was incapable of a great devotion. He was never able to bring his whole life into focus. There was a point past which he could never give himself to anything. He was incapable of being a hero, a martyr or a truly great person because he was too much



Miracles

The foolish man will scoff and say:
"There are no miracles today.
Nonsense such as that should be
Buried in antiquity."

And yet he looks with perfect sight
Upon the splendor of the night.
He gazes with artistic eye
At fresh washed rainbow-tinted sky.

He holds a wee soft babe, new-born;
And feels the glory of the morn;
And when his trials obstruct the road,
Unselfish friends help bear his load.

No miracles? What fools you be!
Open your eyes . . . and hearts . . . and see.

—Jeanne Byrd Henry



a part of his possessions. He was owned by the things he owned. And as Christ watched him turn slowly on his heel and go back to uncertainty He sighed deeply, for he loved the lad. But the boy was incapable of great living. That was the tragedy.

One day a rich man—one of the leading laymen of the community—invited Jesus to dinner, assuming that in so doing he was paying Him no small compliment. Simon's invitations were not bandied about lightly, and by all the social tokens of the city Jesus should have been impressed.

The leading layman made two mistakes. First of all, he quite evidently hoped to cash in on Jesus' popularity; and, in the second instance, he grossly underestimated the gentility and good manners of his guest.

Simon proved to be either an ignorant or a careless host. Even a carpenter from a country town knew more

about social etiquette than the rich man required of himself. He did not bother to provide for the washing of Jesus' dirty feet. There was a certain dignity in the way He reminded the embarrassed snob of his *faux pas*—quite discreetly but also quite frankly—before the visit was over. The conceited old Pharisee must have suffered terribly under the galling humiliation of the whole affair.

It was not Simon's ignorance or his lack of courtesy which elicited Jesus' condemnation, however. Instead, it was his vast superiority complex. His vanity was the sin Jesus could not ignore, and He cannot shut His eyes to that sin even to this day. It was easier for Him to be patient with women of the street than with up-and-inners who held their fellows in contempt.

The Master did not care for flattery. As a matter of fact, He held it in supreme contempt. No man could wheedle favors out of Him by crying "Lord! Lord!" no matter how extravagant the language or how public the praise. There was a quality about the gifts He proposed to give which made it impossible for a vain man to receive them. To offer what He had to offer to a self-satisfied soul such as Simon was just a little like offering a pearl necklace to a hog.

There was a conspicuous spiritual kinship between Simon the Pharisee and Pilate the Procurator, although both would very probably have repudiated any suggestion of such an association. Just as the proud old layman has stood condemned through all the years because of his failure to show Jesus the ordinary courtesies, so also Pilate has been the prisoner at the bar for twenty centuries because he was insensible to Christ's moral magnificence. Both misjudged the carpenter because they considered themselves His superior.

Concerning the distracted, Jesus had an opinion as is quite evident from the story of the dinner party in the home of Martha of Bethany. Concerning the ambitious and self-seeking, He had an opinion as is revealed in the case of the two brothers who tried to turn their personal relationship to a personal account. Concerning the humble and the faith-full He had a high opinion which He made plain on the occasion when four friends tore up a roof in order to bring their needy friend to His attention.

If it happens that any of us is

..... concerned to know
Whether Christ believes in Crow,

it should not be difficult to discover the answer. It runs all through the four Gospels.

THE END



The Usher at the Gate

By RUTH C. IKERMAN

WHEN my husband became center aisle usher in our community church, he inherited a "harem." For it is true in our town, as in so many, that there is a colony of widows and single women who find their friendships and social life within the activities of the local church.

Until he started escorting them down the center aisle on Sunday morning, we had been unaware of their number, and of their fine contribution to the church life through attendance and service.

Of course as his wife I could be prejudiced, but he looked very handsome to me as he offered his arm to a succession of the older women of the church. They would return his smile, nod good morning, and start down the aisle with a perky little raise of the shoulders. Soon it was apparent to me that some of them looked forward to his one-sentence greeting at the beginning of this new week.

He seemed to treat them all alike, whether tall or short, plump or thin. But gradually I discovered that he had a real preference for a little lady who appeared promptly at ten minutes to eleven in a grey suit with a cluster of violets at her throat and matching spray on her hat. One morning she brought him a rose for his buttonhole and he said to me at luncheon, "Yes, indeed, she's my new girl friend."

So his Sunday morning affair progressed until one morning the little lady was absent from her accustomed pew. In the receiving line after service, I heard my husband inquiring of the pastor about her.

That afternoon we paid a call at the

hospital, but were refused admission because she was under oxygen. A couple of days later I came upon a brand new entry in our joint check-book which showed a payment to the florist. And I chuckled out loud as I saw the words which under other circumstances might have sent a wife running to the nearest lawyer. In my husband's bold handwriting was a notation: "Roses for my girl friend."

Eventually there came a prim note of thanks addressed to us both, and a few weeks later she was back in church. Happily my husband greeted her and welcomed her again to the Center Aisle Club. But I noted how much more slowly he walked that morning down the aisle, for truly her illness had taken its toll.

Soon the time came when she asked to be seated near the back, so he chose the pew in which I sit. I have always found the back row a convenient spot for a wife whose husband sometimes has to get up during the service and adjust lights or hearing-aid equipment. And I can always sit there after morning service and observe the exodus of church members while he brings in extra chairs for the choir's evening musicale.

Even as he seated her near me, I secretly thought how much she would miss that prized morning walk down the aisle. But I had reckoned without my gallant husband. He kept his eyes fastened on the rear door and practically raced to it whenever she appeared. And if he was down front seating someone else, she stood rigid by the door and waited for him to

(Continued on page 68)

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CHILDREN WERE THEIR BEST CROP

(Continued from page 28)

Myra wanted, but he never wavered in his promise.

Like church attendance, a college education for each child was simply taken for granted. Few of the families in that part of the country were in the habit of providing their children with higher education. "But it was always our plan to give our children the best," explain the Vestals. Eleven of their youngsters went to Baylor University, a Baptist institution in Waco, Texas. As high-school valedictorian, Addison was awarded a scholarship for his first year at Baylor. But he also proved so excellent a student at college that when he graduated he was able to go on to graduate work on additional scholarships. Most of the other Vestal children, after going to Baylor for one year, attended East Texas State Teachers College, and then went on to such schools as Harvard and Northwestern.

The financial load of all this education was a staggering one for Dad and Mother Vestal. Three valedictorian scholarships helped to ease the burden, and all the children managed to work for part of their expenses. But to carry the rest of the load Mother Vestal gave private lessons on the piano and guitar, and even made the clothes her children wore in college. Dad's contribution was to farm a total of 640 acres—his own 85 acres plus three rented parcels—and to cash his insurance policies one by one until he had finally used up all \$20,000 of his insurance savings. When he found he needed still more money he took on the jobs of town marshall and chief of police. And when that wasn't enough he took still another job as mail carrier. "It wasn't so bad," he now recalls smilingly. "I always had some free time between 2 and 4 a. m."

Mother and Dad Vestal never look back now on their long years of sweat and sacrifice. They remember only the happy times of watching their children grow. They smile with quiet pride at the fine record their children have achieved, and think only of the useful, happy lives that lie ahead for "the kids." In college the youngsters collected a total of seven bachelor degrees, four master degrees, and three business-college diplomas. Six of the eight boys—all of whom started out as lowly GI's and ended up with field promotions to officers—saw service in the Marines, Navy and Air Force. And in Mother Vestal's bureau drawer is a box of medals which the boys won.

Today the Vestal youngsters are well launched on the successful careers for which Dad and Mother Vestal so carefully prepared them. One son is financial adviser to the Andrew Mellon estate in Pittsburgh; two others hold

government jobs, one in the Canal Zone, the other in Casablanca. Two other sons are still serving as officers in the armed services, another is a school teacher in Whitewright, and the youngest boy is a rising executive with a New York brokerage firm. All six of the girls are married.

Now at long last, in granddaughter Louise, the cycle of Dad and Mother Vestal's fifty years of child rearing is about to take its final turn. As usual, the Vestals plan to send young Louise—already leading her class at Whitewright—to Baylor University. As staunch Baptists they wouldn't dream of having her go to any other school. "I remember when I went to Waco to have my last two children entered at Baylor," says Mother Vestal. "I was sitting on the steps of a dormitory, waiting for young Joe to get his entrance requirements fixed up, when a student came over to me and asked if this was my first visit to the university. 'Well, not exactly,' I replied. 'You see, I've brought eleven of my children to this school.' For a moment he stared at me wide-eyed. Then he let out an excited yell to a nearby group of students. 'Hey, fellows, come on over here and meet the gal who paid for our dormitory.'"

BAYLOR University is equally proud of Dad and Mother Vestal. Last June they and young Louise were invited to be guests at the university's 108th graduation ceremony where they were accorded special recognition by President W. R. White. "We have been thrilled by the story of this Christian farm family who sacrificed so greatly to give their children their best," said the president. "We want to express our deep personal sense of thankfulness for people like the Vestals, who live wisely and simply, who are cognizant of the true values of life, and who at great personal cost have given the world fourteen still-living children who will follow in the traditions set by their parents. Only one of the Vestal children did not attend this university. He was Louis Vestal, who died in the service of his country. However, he left a young daughter, Louise—and it gives me great pleasure to hand her this \$1,400 four-year scholarship to be used when she completes her high-school education. We at Baylor want to be sure that this Vestal child will have the education denied her father."

As President White handed the treasured certificate to the eleven-year-old child, Dad and Mother Vestal smiled proudly in the knowledge that the last of their "bumper crop of kids" was about to be harvested. THE END

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When he looks up he sees a slit of smoky sky, framed by tenement rooftops. When he looks down the squalor of the slum street is all around him. When he looks homeward there is only the gnawing discontent that comes from always needing and never having . . . and never knowing that life can be filled with love and happiness.

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Send information about ☐ how to include Mont Lawn in my will; ☐ endowments

Daily Meditations

by John W. McKelvey

Tuesday, June 1

READ REVELATIONS 22:12-14

To love abundantly is to live abundantly.
—ANONYMOUS

JUNE is here with all its exciting anticipations, its fragrant roses, its weddings and wedding anniversaries, its graduations and commencements. It is a month full of good things—great beginnings, happy dreams and brighter hopes. Oh yes, there are some unpleasant aspects about this month: its sudden and scorching heat waves, its spectacular thunder-storms, its unwelcome humidity. And yet these things are necessary if at last there is to be a reward for all the toil and labor expended, the harvests and the full cup of life.

Lord of the harvest, teach us to see the fields as already white with promise, and give us patience to labor and faint not. Crown our lives each day with peace, we ask in Thy name. Amen.

Wednesday, June 2

READ GALATIANS 2:20, 21

Faith is the eye that sees Him, the receiving power that takes hold.—SELECTED

IN THE biography of Lloyd C. Douglas, "The Shape of Sunday," Mrs. Douglas tells that "Daddy became very unsettled in his thinking while we were in Washington." She went on to say that she had found comfort in Dr. Holt's book, "The Care and Feeding of Children," continuing, "Sometimes I used to wish we could find a book so sane and satisfying on the Care and Feeding of Faith." She had just such a book, although like most of us she had not conceived of it in this fashion—the Bible. It is the preeminent book on the culture and cure of the soul.

Father, grant that we may turn more earnestly to Thy Word, seeking to find faith, hope and love in its pages, and hearkening obediently when Thou speakest in our hearts. Amen.

Thursday, June 3

READ PSALM 15:1-5

"EACH in his own tongue" is a phrase that speaks volumes, as anyone knows who has tried to use a borrowed language to convey his thoughts. William C. White illustrated this not long ago when he quoted a few sentences from some guide-books in English on the city of Pisa, Italy. One page carried a photograph of "The Bended Tower of Pisa," and on another it said, "This guide is splitted into two parts." The purpose was sincere but the

effect was ludicrous. This happens so often when we try to be something other than what we are.

Dear Master, guide us in all we do and say and think. Deliver us from conceit and being puffed up. Help us to be true to our better selves, in all the small, everyday things as well as in life's important moments of decision, and to trust and not be afraid. Amen.

Friday, June 4

READ PROVERBS 24:19-22

Self-control is more often called for than self-expression.

—WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT

PRACTICAL jokes invariably end up wrong. The reason is that they deny respect to human personality and hence fail to calculate accurately human feelings. A good example is the couple who went to visit the wife's mother and, finding her away, "thought it would be funny to hide in the closet and holler 'boo' when she came in." But a 14-year-old boy was the first to come home. He heard the noise in the closet, grabbed a .22-caliber pistol and when the man yelled 'boo' pulled the trigger, wounding him in the arm. Not a laughing matter!

O Thou loving Redeemer, make us considerate of others' feelings. Soften the sharp words that threaten to drop from our tongues. Sweeten our deeds with kindness. Amen.

Saturday, June 5

READ PSALM 32:7, 8

I have noticed that Providence is on the side of clear heads and honest hearts.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER

LAST winter an elderly man, lost in a blizzard, survived by using a trick early settlers learned from the Indians. He snuggled up to a hibernating bear. A search party found him there early the following morning, suffering only from a slight cold. It will not do to discount this man's deliverance on the ground that he merely used his wits. God expects us to do our utmost in every time of need, and having done all, to stand confident and unafraid. To rule out Providence here is to rule it out of history. How much better to accept it and be glad!

Great God our Refuge, rest us on the Rock of Ages in our times of danger and uncertainty. Set our feet on the high places and deliver us always from evil, we ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Sunday, June 6

READ JOHN 5:24-27

Nothing is really lost by a life of sacrifice.—HENRY PARRY LIDDON

IF YOU had your life to live over how would you do it, knowing all you do in the light of experience? Dr. John S. Bonnell asked his congregation that question some months ago, and the answers that came back were remarkable: "I would be more patient . . . I would try to be more unselfish . . . I would obey God's moral laws . . . I would be more kind to others . . . I would live by faith in God and not with fear dogging my footsteps . . . I would take Christ as my Master and live by His law of love." Of course we can't live life over, but we can live it better, now, today!

Lord, for tomorrow and its tasks I do not pray. Help me today to discover the fresh opportunity to love and serve Thee and those about me. Amen.

Monday, June 7

READ PSALM 86:15-17

If thou wouldst be borne with, then bear with others.—THOMAS FULLER

CHESTER BOWLES in "Ambassador's Report" gives a very graphic picture of India in the toils of becoming a democracy in spirit and in truth. He reports how his boy Sam came home from his first day at school saying, "I was the only white boy there. I only hope that if these Indian kids came to my school in America, they'd be treated as well." Perhaps when he gets back to America this boy will be a better missionary in behalf of tolerance and understanding than ten thousand panels on the subject.

Dear Lord, open our eyes to see our kinship with all men under the sun and give us compassion in sharing Thy bounties and bearing their burdens, for Thy name's sake. Amen.

Tuesday, June 8

READ PSALM 103:8

The "straight and narrow path" will take two abreast if one is God.—ANONYMOUS

MANY of you are parents. Can you remember the pains you took—and the pains you suffered—in training your boy or girl, how time and again you overlooked failure with aching heart, corrected mistakes with restrained irritation, and nurtured day by day that growing body, mind and soul of your self-assertive child until in desper-



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tion you yourself rebelled? You cried out fiercely, "If you do that again, I'll have to punish." But the chances are, the next time you didn't punish, not as the deed or misdeed deserved. So is the Lord "slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy."

Dear Father, grant that we may not rest until we find rest in Thee. Reach Thou to our outstretched hands and lift us up, that we may find favor in Thy sight, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

Wednesday, June 9

READ I CORINTHIANS 3:8-11

Great is the man who does not lose his child's heart.—MENCIVS

A MOST revealing incident occurred recently when a man found a wallet containing more than \$2,400 in a New York taxicab and without delay returned it through the local police station to its owner. He received no reward, unless it was the dime he found on the police station floor. He was somewhat disappointed, saying as he displayed the coin, "This is what I got out of it." Unfortunately this man underestimated the reward he received: a clear conscience, a good name, an unspotted escutcheon. Verily, his was a great reward!

Father, when we are tempted to count values by the perishable and tangible things which we possess, help us to look within and behold the treasures of righteousness. Amen.

Thursday, June 10

READ EXODUS 16:15-18

To love life through labor is to know life's inmost secret.—KAHLIL GIBRAN

LLOYD C. Douglas' daughters tell how as children they used to pore over the Sears-Roebuck catalog and prepare long lists on the order blank. "Daddy concentrated on the food, saying, 'Here's cod salted down in a bucket; don't you think I should get two buckets of that?' Mother was never very fond of smoked fish. 'You'd better not work on that grocery list before dinner, dear. After you've eaten perhaps one bucket of salt cod will seem enough.'" The idea was good though: a man's reach should exceed his grasp.

Gracious Lord, we thank Thee for all the bounties of earth and heaven. Give us perspective and insight that we may seek the treasures that endure. Forgive our mistakes. Amen.

Friday, June 11

READ PSALM 36:1-4

Repentance is the heart's sorrow, and a clear life ensuing.—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SOME time ago burglars broke into the office of a New Jersey wallpaper manufacturer. After forcing open the safe and scattering papers around the room they escaped with twenty-five dollars. They left a note, by way of apology, which said, "Sorry about the safe and mess." What consideration! Just as Jesus once said of the Pharisees, these burglars were very much aggrieved about "messing up" the office but not at all disturbed about trans-

gressing the weightier matters of the law. It is a pitfall so deceiving to us all.

Lord Jesus, teach us to walk in Thy straight paths and to avoid the slippery places of half-truth. Amen.

Saturday, June 12

READ LUKE 14:25-30

Better to be poisoned in one's blood than in one's principles.—ANONYMOUS

AN enterprising jeweler down in Nashville advertised the sale of 90-cent coffee for 49 cents a pound, in order to bring business to his store. The customers came all right and bought 1,600 pounds of coffee—at a net loss of \$656 to the merchant. He said none of the coffee buyers bought any jewelry. Maybe his loss was due to miscalculation of the public's conscience, but he is to be commended in one thing: he sold the coffee as promised. I wonder if in the long run he is not the winner of the event and the richer for it.

Grant, O God, that we may do our best from day to day. Gladden us with the joyous consciousness that we are co-workers with Thee every time we live in honor and truth. Amen.

Sunday, June 13

READ LUKE 18:15-17

Do the truth you know, and you shall learn the truth you need to know.

—GEORGE McDONALD

TRAGEDY seems to abound on every hand. There was the incident last winter of two little boys, six and seven, found after a twenty-four-hour search in an ice-covered creek a block from their homes. They were huddled together in five feet of water. They had left home with a mother's parting warning to stay away from the creek. If only they had obeyed they would have been saved from disaster. If only we were always content with the compulsions of truth and spirit placed in our hands!

Master, come and rule our hearts that we may learn in obedience to serve both Thee and our fellow men. Make us worthy to enter Thy kingdom with joy. Amen.

Monday, June 14

READ LUKE 14:31-35

Love is the only service that power can't command nor money buy.—SELECTED

ONE OF the most revealing news stories in the realm of sports was the account of Tommy Lewis, Alabama fullback, who astonished 75,504 spectators at the Rice Bowl game last winter by jumping off the bench to tackle a Rice runner en route to a touchdown. The tackle brought the runner down, but in stopping him Lewis forfeited a touchdown to the other side. Afterward in the dressing room Lewis simply said, "I guess I'm too full of Alabama." After all, he was not "lukewarm" about his loyalty.

We turn to Thee, gracious Lord, for strength in the time of temptation, for restraint in the hour of impatience, and for love and loyalty in every moment of life's struggle. Amen.

Tuesday, June 15

READ MATTHEW 6:30-34

The reward of a thing well done is to have it done.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

SO MUCH of life and its riches is wasted paying the cost of wrongdoing. J. Edgar Hoover reports the yearly cost of crime at \$495 per family. No family sets out to incur this cost, but often by carelessness and neglect they produce the conditions which in turn produce delinquency and crime. If the family stimulated security, not material but spiritual in character, and the fruits of the spirit instead of failure and its tragic consequences in evil, the sad picture of misspent lives could be changed into one of hope.

Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, surround our homes with the loving restraints of truth and goodness. Lead us forth into right paths. Amen.

Wednesday, June 16

READ PSALM 121

Our ideals are our possibilities.

—ANONYMOUS

THE visit of Sir Edmund Hillary, the New Zealander who scaled Mt. Everest, to this country brought a real lift to great multitudes of people who in their own way have been confronted by unclimbed mountains. Sir Edmund pointed out the important fact that lack of height "does not make a mountain little." Minor tasks are frequently as difficult as major ones. Contrary to the saying, you don't have to make mountains out of molehills, for in many instances they already are. Your job is to attack them with confidence.

Heavenly Father, instill in us faith that we may not falter in the presence of difficulty and tribulation. Sustain us in mercy and truth. Amen.

Thursday, June 17

READ GENESIS 41:1-8

The common curse of mankind—folly and ignorance.—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THERE was a fascinating story recently of the Egyptian Pharaoh who "reclaimed his head." Actually, authorities have found out where the head of the statue of Amenhotep II belongs. The head, which is in the Boston Museum, belongs to the torso on display since 1857 in the Louvre, Paris. Putting this ancient Pharaoh together again may be simpler than Joseph's attempt to interpret another Pharaoh's dreams. Even so, it reminds us of the dreadful problem of putting reality into our dreams.

Lord, take our hopes today and give us strength to act in the light of them. Touch our wills and enable us to accomplish the lasting values of Thy kingdom, and give us peace. Amen.

Friday, June 18

READ PSALM 19:12-14

To do so no more is the truest repentance.—MARTIN LUTHER

LLOYD C. Douglas' daughters tell of a bulletin-board boner which Dr. Douglas

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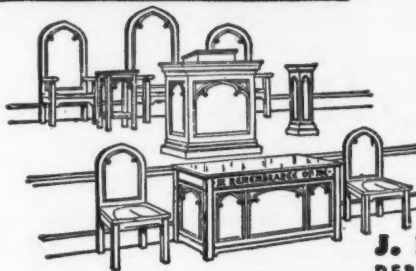
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once unwittingly perpetrated in Ann Arbor: "Sunday Morning, May 16, Lloyd C. Douglas Preaches, Will There Be Any Religion Left?" Perhaps this question, intended as a sermon topic, could be raised in consequence of many things we do from day to day. No doubt the psalmist was confronted by this kind of problem when he asked the question: "Who can understand his errors?" To ask this is a beginning.

O God, search us and try us, and see if there be any wicked way in us, and lead us in the way everlasting. Cause us to rejoice in Thy salvation and abide with us forever. Amen.

Saturday, June 19

READ PSALM 32:10

He who has conquered doubt and fear has conquered failure.—JAMES ALLEN

THE historic phrase "In God We Trust" is now printed for the first time on a regular American stamp, an eight-center. This is a splendid expression of the faith that is in us, but it is even more imperative that it be written on our hearts and in the fabric of our homes. If each of us could so live that those about us in our home, community, church, office and market place were instinctively challenged by the confidence we have in God, then it would really count.

Dear Master, save us from the hesitation of doubt. Put within us certitude and courage. Write upon the tables of our hearts the unsearchable riches and the upward reach. Amen.

Sunday, June 20

READ COLOSSIANS 1:19-21

The poor man is not he without a cent, but he without a dream.—HARRY KEMP

SCATTERED among the thrills which Queen Elizabeth II brought to vast throngs in her recent world tour of the Empire were countless disappointments. The Queen could not shake hands with all her subjects, or travel down every flower-decked street, or visit every city of the Dominions down under, and in consequence there was bitter disappointment in many hearts. And yet when she appeared, even though afar off, her royal presence assuaged the pain. It is exactly so when God draws nigh to us, only then infinitely more so.

Father, come and make Thine abode within the secret dwelling-place of our hearts. Cleanse us from wrong desire and ignoble purpose. Give us grace to triumph over sin. Amen.

Monday, June 21

READ LUKE 21:29-33

The course of nature is the art of God.
—EDWARD YOUNG

IT IS no secret that summer has officially come. You have been assured of this by many infallible signs. Did you ever stop to ponder the inevitability of summer or the ease with which this season takes over the stage? It makes mockery of spring's bluster and furor by quietly bringing to pass the reality of things hoped for,

the flowers, the fruit, the harvests. The coming of summer is an excellent reminder of the fact that God is faithful, that His providence is without equal, and that His love is shed abroad to bless all people in all lands.

O Lord our Lord, when we are tempted to despair of Thy goodness and to doubt Thy power, show us again how Thou dost cause the earth to spring forth with plenty to bless us. Amen.

Tuesday, June 22

READ PSALM 90:9-12

Doing what can't be done is the glory of living.—SAMUEL C. ARMSTRONG

RECENT statistics indicate that a baby born in India today has a life expectancy five years longer than one born in 1941. The life expectancy for males is 32.45 years and for females 31.66 years. This is about half the life expectancy in the U.S.A. Here is something to think about. Why should children in India be less favored than our own? Do we in America live lives worthy of twice the life span of those living in India? What is the true measure of life—hours on a dial, or heart-throbs? Years, or noble purpose?

O Jesus our Saviour, make us pliable to Thy way, truth and life. Teach us responsibility and uprightness in heart. Save us from ourselves and lead us to serve Thee always. Amen.

Wednesday, June 23

READ MARK 4:26-29

The only way to keep an open door open is to enter that open door.

—BAKER J. CAUTHEN

NOT long ago a New York professor of geology displayed a home-grown "Russian Mammoth" sunflower which excelled the best known Soviet effort by 144 rows of seeds to their fifty-five. The truly remarkable thing about this story is something else however, namely that the sunflower increases in size according to the mathematical progression: 1, 2, 3, 8, 13, 21, 34, etc. I wonder why and by whose authority. Of course, it is a tiny segment of the handiwork of God the Creator. The Hand that made the sunflower, as the human heart, is divine.

We thank Thee, O God, that we can look up to Thee as Father and feel the kinship of Thy spirit as sons. Make us obedient to the ties of truth, beauty and goodness. Amen.

Thursday, June 24

READ COLOSSIANS 3:1-7

Trouble is only opportunity in work clothes.—HENRY J. KAISER

IF YOU think the impossible doesn't happen, consider the story of a Memphis woman who lost her one-carat diamond ring while moving into a new house. She contacted the Sanitation Department as soon as she realized it was lost, and a whole truckload of garbage was sifted. In the end the ring was recovered. It rivals the "needle-in-the-haystack" story, but it proves that when you seek hard enough and with persistence, you find. This is



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Lord, clear our vision that we may see glimpses of truth Thou hast for us. Make us faithful in our tasks and crown our efforts with joy and gladness. Bless us always. Amen.

Friday, June 25

READ JOEL 2:23-27

To insure good health: eat lightly and maintain an interest in life.

—ORISON S. MARDEN

LAST year Americans broke a 45-year record by consuming an average of 154 pounds of meat apiece. This is in spite of the high cost of meat and the threatened shortages of a year ago. With such a display of plenty we in America ought to be thrice grateful for the privilege of living as witnesses to the fruits of freedom as well as to the providence of the Lord God who gives to man life and breath and all things. It would help a great deal if more Americans acknowledged God's ways and the outpouring of His mercies.

O Father, we thank Thee for the bestowal of Thy bounty in things material and spiritual on the just and unjust alike. Make us worthy of the gifts Thou givest without stint. Amen.

Saturday, June 26

READ PROVERBS 22:26-29

You are worth just as much as the things are worth which you seek—SELECTED

LLOYD Douglas once told a story on himself of his failure to make a brilliant record in college, particularly in calculus. He said, "I felt a draft in class one day, right here on the back of my neck, and I got up and shut the window. Would you believe it! In that little time they got ahead of me and I never caught up." A little self-depreciation, perhaps, but it suggests how all too quickly life gets away from us if we are not diligent and alert. Great riches sometimes slip from us, and we are made poor indeed.

O Lord, Thou hast made all things good and hast given to us a full measure of blessing and honor. Help us to cherish the treasures of the soul. Amen.

Sunday, June 27

READ REVELATION 22:13, 14

Conscience can be trusted only when it is guided by a perfect standard.

—M. E. DODD

OUT IN St. Paul, Minn., pranksters stole the stop sign at an important intersection with the result that a truck hit a car broadside killing two boys. The driver of the car said he kept going at the intersection because he didn't see a stop sign. Stop signs are never popular whether intended to regulate auto traffic or to restrain human conduct, but they are unexpedient. Think what society would be like without the Ten Commandments. The moral requisites of the Bible, if heeded, spell happiness for all alike.

O Christ, help us to value fellowship with Thee above everything else, even

when Thou dost command us to cease from doing evil and to serve the present age. Amen.

Monday, June 28

READ PROVERBS 23:31-35

By abstaining from most things it is surprising how much we enjoy.

—WILLIAM G. SIMMS

SIX youthful guests at a teenage narcotics party in New York city were deluded into thinking they were having a good time until their host collapsed into a coma. Fortunately after several hours he emerged from his stupor but not before arousing the concern and wrath of many people. When there are so many channels both for the best we possess in character and energy and for ministering to the needs of life about us, what a pity that anybody should dissipate his powers and privileges in ruinous self-indulgence! God is never mocked.

Gracious Father, grant that we may seek first Thy kingdom in the rush of life about us. Make us thankful for heart-peace and spirit-power. Guide and deliver us forever. Amen.

Tuesday, June 29

READ ROMANS 13:7-10

Honor is a harder master than law.

—MARK TWAIN

IT IS a sad experience to witness deceit and shame in the lives of those who know better. For instance there is the young woman from Israel, daughter of a rabbi in Tel Aviv, who was arrested for attempting to smuggle diamonds valued at \$104,655 into this country. She pleaded innocent at first, claiming no knowledge of the contents of the package which a stranger in London had asked her to deliver "secretly" in New York. She even tried to conceal her face from photographers. No need to avoid the light if you do what is right in God's sight.

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for our opportunities to live truly and for Thy expectations that we will seek honor and goodness. Mold us to be like Thee and save us from evil. Amen.

Wednesday, June 30

READ PROVERBS 8:32-36

Self-denial is indispensable to a strong character.—THEODORE PARKER

THE papers recently carried the story of a mother who smothered her three-months-old baby because she feared the child's presence might result in the loss of home-relief checks. It seems incredible that something so precious as a human life could be exchanged for material riches, in this case a few paltry dollars. And yet it is happening all the time, in less obvious ways at first perhaps, but in the end the consequences are plain: one's fists may be crammed with the filthy lucre of earth while the soul is utterly impoverished.

O Saviour of the world, keep our eyes fixed upon Thee, the Author and Finisher of our faith. Help us to plan and work, to love and serve as Thy disciples for Thy glory. Amen.

GRANDMA'S APPLE TREE

(Continued from page 20)

problem disappear. Then he said, "It just isn't possible, Julie."

"Besides," Sarah said, "who knows? Grandma might change her mind and not go after all."

Julie was astounded. "But Grandma's going!" she cried. "It's the last chance she'll have to see the apple tree, if she's going to be blind like Dr. Marburg said."

"Ssssh!" Jim and Sarah both glanced apprehensively upstairs.

At that moment a door opened above and the strong, cheerful voice of Jim's mother called, "Julie, have you found my umbrella? Or are you making me a new one?"

Julie giggled and raced upstairs. "It was in the kitchen, Grandma."

"Now how did it get there?" Grandma said. Then the door closed both voices out.

Jim sank listlessly into a chair. "You know," he sighed, "you could smell apple blossoms a quarter mile away."

"But now," Sarah said with deliberation, "if you let your mother go out there, what she'll find instead of her farm and her apple tree is a junkyard."

Jim groaned. "I should have told her four years ago when Ike Brannon wrote me what happened after the place burned down. But then I thought all her talk of going back some day was just talk."

"It probably would have stayed just talk if her eyes hadn't gone back on her."

Jim fell silent, tracing back to when the trouble had begun, about eight months before. There wasn't much that could be done about atrophy of the optic nerves. His mother's vision had diminished to eighty per cent, sixty, forty-five. Not that you'd have guessed it to see her. She stayed as active as ever. Her movements might be a little slower but they were still sure. When she had to give up smocking dresses for Julie, her busy fingers turned to knitting and she had made the last sweater practically by feel.

Jim thought with a surge of pride of the way Julie had come to be always on hand when her grandmother needed anything, how she was learning to see with her child's eyes details that would interest a woman of sixty-four.

In the past month the rate of deterioration in his mother's eyesight had increased ominously. He had taken her to several eye specialists in New York and they'd all agreed with Dr. Marburg. There was nothing anyone could do. Then, three days ago, Dr. Marburg had found her vision down to twenty per cent. "And when may I expect to be totally blind?" his mother had asked, emphasizing the dread

word to show, Jim knew, that it needn't get any illusions about conquering her.

Dr. Marburg had hedged at first but at her insistence admitted, "If this rate continues, possibly in two weeks' time. It could take even less."

"Thank you," she had said, with that quiet calm of hers, and nothing more until they got home. Then she had announced, "I guess the time has come for me to make that trip back to the farm. I can still make out the shape of things enough to recognize the house and the tree." When Jim had tried to protest she'd said, "I've decided," in the firm tone he had learned as a boy there was no use arguing with.

Adamantly refusing to let Jim finance the trip, she bought a round-trip railroad ticket with money she'd been saving from her monthly insurance benefits. Jim had insisted on one thing; he wouldn't hear of her going alone. With some of the money he'd been saving for their summer vacation, he'd bought himself a ticket and arranged with the office to be away for a week. They were to leave from Grand Central Station the following morning at 11:14.

"In addition to everything else," Sarah said, "there's the awful waste of money. It's cruel to let her spend her savings just to have her heart broken."

"Daddy!" Julie came hurtling down the steps two at a time. "Tell Grandma it's an eight instead of a three!"

HIS mother followed Julie, stepping cautiously and holding on to the banister with one hand. In the other she carried her savings account book. When Jim hurried forward to take her arm, she waved him back. "You needn't try to make me believe I'm an invalid, Jim. The world's not coming to an end because I'm losing my eyesight. Everybody loses things at one time or another. Your father always used to say, 'The only thing you can lose that you can't get along without is a sense of gratitude that you haven't lost more.'"

"Show Daddy the figures, Grandma. He'll tell you I'm right."

Opening her account book to the place marked by her finger, Jim's mother squinted down at the numbers, then passed the book to her son. "Looks like a balance of \$30 to me."

Jim looked at it. "It's an 8, Mom. You've got a balance of \$80."

"I told you!" Julie cried.

"Then it's settled. Julie can go too."

"Oh, Grandma!" Julie threw her arms around her grandmother and the two of them rocked together laughing while Sarah tried to protest.

"Mother," Jim said, almost brusquely,



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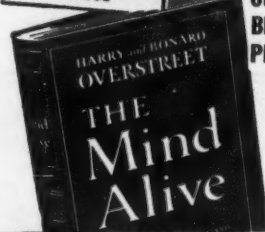
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"it's been almost twelve years since you left Bradville."

"A lot can happen to change a small town in that time," Sarah added.

"The farm may have changed too." Jim's voice was reluctant but he pushed it on. "The people who bought it may have let it run down."

"They wouldn't let anything happen to the apple tree," Julie said firmly. "Would they, Grandma?"

Grandma shook her head. "They were real farm folks. It wasn't till I was sure they'd care for things, and for the tree, that I let them have the place. No . . ." she smiled, "change might have come to the farm but all time could do to the apple tree would only add to its beauty."

"Unless," Jim drew a deep breath, "someone chopped it down."

"Daddy!" Julie's cry held a hurt her father had never heard in her before. The face she turned to him was stunned. "They wouldn't dare!"

Jim's mother was silent for a moment, considering the possibility of such a thing. Then she said quietly, "I feel sure the apple tree is still there. And I'm going to see it."

"We're going to see it!" Julie shouted.

THREE minutes before the train was to pull out of the station, Jim tried again. "Mom, you've got to listen."

"Yes, I know what you're going to say." She settled back in her seat with a smile of resignation. "You want me to be sure not to get up and walk through the cars by myself."

"You don't have to worry," Julie told him. "Grandma and I have everything arranged."

"That's fine, but this is about a letter, Mom. Ike Brannon wrote me several years ago, saying the farm . . ." But his words were lost under the noise of a locomotive chugging by. When it had passed, the whistle of their train blew and they started moving. Jim felt fate was lined up against him.

It was about four-thirty the next afternoon when his mother asked, "Are we heading into a thunderstorm, Jim?"

The sky racing past their windows was unclouded and a bright ray of sun striped Julie's face as she lay napping with her head in her grandmother's lap. Jim described it.

"Oh," his mother murmured. "It's not getting darker then."

"No, Mom," Jim said gently. He watched the hand that stroked Julie's hair tremble and then steady itself. Almost with relief he thought, it's coming sooner than expected to save her the pain of knowing. For now they'd turn back.

But reading his thoughts, she said quickly, "We'll go on anyway." And to his protests, "I want to do it, Jim."

By the time they reached Bradville,

she had to confess that shapes were now just a blur of shadow. But she was still determined.

"Mom, tell me something. Why do you still want to go out there now that . . . you can no longer see the place?"

"Grandma will be able to see," Julie said indignantly. "I'll tell her exactly how everything looks. Won't I, Grandma?"

"Of course you will. And things are always dearer when seen through the eyes of a little girl looking for the first time. As for my reason, Jim, I'm not sure just how to put it, except that there's something in just being close."

Jim looked at Julie, trying to find words that would warn her, prepare her. "You know, Julie, sometimes things we've imagined turn out to be very different when we actually see them. Sometimes they're completely changed."

"I know that," Julie said maturely. "But nothing could change Grandma's apple tree."

They were almost there, Jim told himself, kicking a stone out of his mother's path as they walked along the road that led to the farm. And he hadn't thought of a way out yet. Well, it would soon be over now.

He was glad his mother couldn't see how this part of town had run down.

"My feet seem to remember every little turn and twist in the road," she was saying. "It sounds different, though. Quieter. There used to be more birds. And shouts of children."

"Everything changes, Mom. I've been trying to tell you."

Then they turned the bend and Jim saw the junkyard. Julie stopped, staring at it in amazement. She said, puzzled, "We must be on the wrong road."

"No, my dear," Grandma said smiling. "This is one road I wouldn't make a mistake about."

"But, Grandma!"

NOW don't tell me. Not yet. See if I haven't got it pictured right." She walked directly to the path that led up a sloping incline to the property. Then she put her hand out, a bit below shoulder level. "The mail box ought to be right here," she said, searching the air on the right-hand side.

"But it isn't, Grandma!"

"But, of course. They probably have deliveries right at the door by this time." Jim's mother took a few more steps ahead, groping again at the sides of the path.

"The cedars are gone too, Mom."

Julie ran to her grandmother and raised a worried face. "Grandma, how can I tell you about it if . . ."

"Now, now," Grandma broke in, "you just hold your horses. First, I want to tell you how I see it. Off there

on the knoll," she waved a hand up to the left, "is the house. White with blue shutters. Anyway, that's how your grandpa always kept it painted. There should be ruffled white curtains at the windows..."

"Grandma..."

Julie had run out of patience, Jim could see. He managed to catch her eye and held a finger to his lips, his eyes trying to explain what he had been unable to say in words. He could tell from the way she frowned, more perplexed than irritated, that she was trying to puzzle the whole thing out.

"THE grass is mowed neat," Grandma went on, "and there ought to be some spring flowers bordering the walk. Do you see any tulips, Julie? Your grandfather always had tulips in the spring. And of course the most important part of all is up there on this side, off a way from the house, standing there by itself. Seems I smell the apple blossoms. Do you smell them, Julie?"

Julie shook her head. Her lower lip trembled.

Her grandmother sniffed the air and her forehead wrinkled in surprise. "Now I smell something different. Like—old rusty engines." She glanced in Jim's direction.

"Mom..." he started miserably.

But her face eased into a remembering smile and she said, "That shows what tricks memory will play on a person. Remember how your father used to love to tinker around machines? Couldn't bear to throw an old part away. 'Might come in handy some day,' he'd say. Had stuff piled up behind the barn till it looked like a junkyard back there."

Julie's head came up at the word "junkyard" but she didn't say anything.

Grandma sniffed again and shook her head. "Must be my guilty conscience. I was always after him about that junk... Let's walk up closer so Julie can get a good look at the tree."

Jim took Julie's hand in one of his, squeezing it gently, and with the other guided his mother ahead.

"You don't suppose the folks in the house will mind, do you, Jim?"

Jim glanced across at the shack that served as the junkman's office and, noting the closed door, said, "It looks like nobody's home this morning."

"Oh I'm glad. We don't have to feel like intruders then. I declare, I feel as though I really had come home again. There used to be a great rock, off here to the right, that had a flat top. We could sit there and see the tree real well. Do you see the rock I mean, Julie?"

"Yes," Julie said, her voice thin.

Indeed, of all that Jim remembered of the farm, the rock was the lone

remaining evidence. The short distance between it and them was relatively free of debris and he picked their way to it without mishap. They sat down.

"Now, Julie," Grandma said, searching for the child's hand, "it's your turn. Tell me exactly what you see."

Here it comes, Jim thought, sucking in his breath.

What Julie saw was a desolate hillside strewn with battered cars, crumpled parts of trucks, twisted iron bedsteads, threadbare tires, a decrepit washing machine, and the skeleton of a burned-out streetcar. Where the farmhouse she'd heard so much about should be, was the shack, the crooked arm of a stove-pipe sticking out one side. Where her grandmother looked at the apple tree, Julie could see only a thick burned-out stump.

"Well?" His mother sat there smiling expectantly. "It must be something special on such a fine morning."

Julie shook her head. Then with a cry that ripped at Jim, she hid her face against her grandmother's breast, sobbing.

"Julie, sweetheart..." Jim stretched out a hand but his mother pushed it away.

"Now, now," she murmured to Julie, "I felt the same way once myself. It was the second spring after your grandfather planted the apple tree. Just a slip of a tree it was then, but when I looked out of my kitchen window that morning and saw it in bloom for the first time, I burst into tears too. It was something I never could explain to your grandpa... a kind of feeling that it was almost too beautiful. Is that how it is with you, Julie?"

JULIE raised her spotted face and looked at her grandmother. Then she looked at the spot where her grandmother's gaze was fixed and Jim saw a smile begin to take hold. "Yes," she said, gulping down the last tears.

"The blossoms are pinkish white, Grandma. And kind of frilly, like the party dress you made me last year. Some've fallen on the ground and they're so soft. I'd get you one to hold but it'd melt if you picked it up. The branches stretch way out, so big and strong they make you feel all safe. And the tree is so tall, Grandma! You'd never believe. I'm looking up and up and I can't even see the top!"

Her face was radiant and so was her grandmother's.

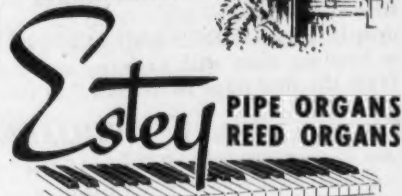
When Jim coughed to relieve the pinch in his throat, Julie looked him straight in the eye and said, daring him to contradict her, "It's the most beautiful apple tree in the whole wide world."

But all her father said was, "It is. The most beautiful in the whole wide world."

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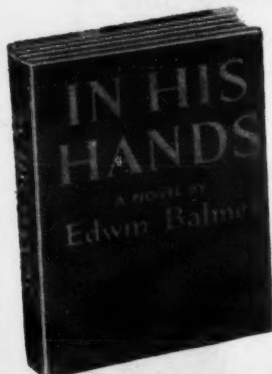
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THE New Books

Reviewed by
DANIEL A. POLING

SING IN THE DARK, by Maude Thomas Morgan (Winston, \$2.75).

There have been many different peoples come to America to add the color of their goodness and uprightness to the fabric of our way of life. The Welsh are numbered among these wonderful people who have given us the labor of their hands, the keenness of their sense of justice, loyalty and freedom—plus the beauty of the songs in their hearts. The story of these people, many of whom named their children after the prophets and people in the Old Testament, is told in "Sing in the Dark."

Nowhere will you find a family more loyal to each other than the Griffiths. True, they do not always agree—and that is like any normal family—but they learn that "all things work together for good" when respect and love are their motivating force.

You will watch Huw Griffith, the son of a miner, grow to man's stature as he takes on the task of earning a living for his family when his father becomes ill. With love in his heart—nurtured and patterned after his good mother's and father's example—young Griffith goes out to meet the world and makes a great discovery. He learns to stand for the right he has been taught. And standing for the right he wins the respect and admiration of his fellow workers, and eventually the love of a wonderful girl.

In time he also comes into the glowing knowledge that God has given him a talent which he must not hide or bury in the dark mines. He must stand up to his convictions, against the wishes of his father in his own plans for the future. But in the end he reaps the reward of his decision. His voice and his goodness break out of the coal shafts, into the brightness of the community, and Griffith and his family and his sweetheart are all happily rewarded. "Sing in the Dark" is a wholesome story for the entire family. It is a warming and rewarding book, and often a deeply moving one.

COURAGE IS THE KEY, edited by Alexander Klein (Twayne Publishers, 287 pp., \$3.75).

Do you want a book that will give a lift to your spirit, a lift to your heart? A book you can keep near you for ready dipping into when the day is dour and the going rough? Then add this one to your library! Nowhere outside of Holy Writ have I seen packed into one volume such a number and variety of inspiring accounts—every one of them true—of heroism in daily life. Any single story here, for

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Heroism always has its appeal. It stops us in our tracks, lifts our eyes and hearts from the common grind. Heroism is proof of the divine in man, thrilling witness that we all can rise above our natural fears and weaknesses, our handicaps and obstacles, to perform nobly and achieve gloriously those goals nobody believed possible to us. Heroism is always a miracle—the truest kind; it's a miracle wrought not from without but from within.

Such are the miracles in this volume. Here are acts of heroism by well-knowns, never before told in this form. But here mostly—and most inspiringly—are the stories of scores of unknowns, "little people," who by their courage and faith lifted themselves into this parade of immortals by the spiritual faith and fortitude God gave them in their hour of need.

"Courage Is the Key" is no book of stark and unrelieved grappling with fate. You will find humor here, gentleness here, humility here, happiness here. But mostly, you will find inspiration here—and in great and warming quality. And it's all summed up by some of America's foremost writers: Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Paul Gallico, Paul de Kruif, George Sessions Perry, James Ramsey Ullman, et al.

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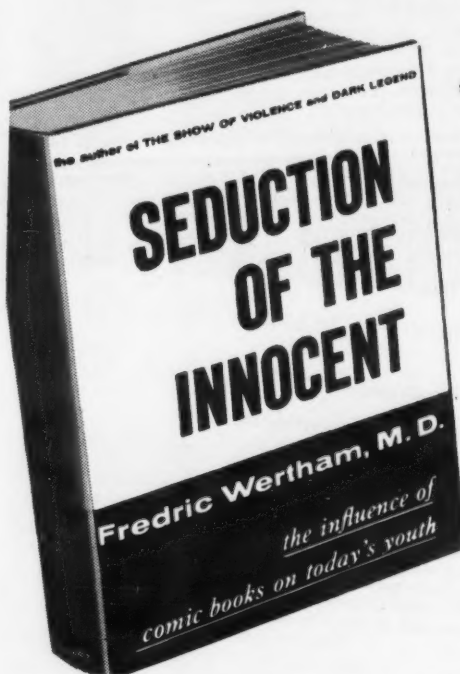
FREEDOM, LOYALTY, DISSENT, by Henry Steele Commager (Oxford, 155 pp., \$2.50).

An eloquent and impassioned little book, but I find the author neither factually sound nor emotionally objective—and, of course, an historian should be both. These most readable essays constantly reveal intolerance and classical bigotry. Governor Adlai E. Stevenson, in his comment, writes: "I think Mr. Commager has done a monumental service to the faith in freedom, loyalty and dissent in these trying and confusing times." I would agree with that, but in reverse!

The one essay, "Guilt by Association," contains these sentences: "It is pernicious in principle, in application, and in consequences. It is based on fear and suspicion, on ignorance and bigotry, on arrogance and vanity. It is designed not to strengthen us, but to subvert vital parts of our democracy and of our constitutional system." Those sentences underline the style and sweep of the book—also its other less commendable qualities.

When I first read the essay in the New York Times, it contained the sentence: "The Supreme Court has itself repeatedly repudiated the notion of guilt by association . . ." To say the least, that confused the issue because at least twice in one year, 1952, the Supreme Court specifically supported that "notion." Reaffirming the constitutionality of the Feinberg Law of New York State, and speaking for the majority, Justice Sherman Minton said: "One's associates, past and present, as well as one's conduct, may properly be considered in determining fitness. . . . We

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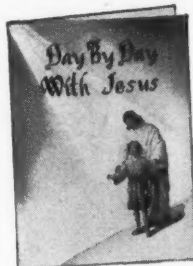
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know of no rule, Constitutional or otherwise, that prevents the State... from considering the organizations and persons with whom they associate." Supreme Court Justice Robert S. Jackson said, in connection with another case before the court which involved the Taft-Hartley Law: "Guilt by association" is an epithet frequently used and little explained except that it is generally accompanied by another slogan, "Guilt is personal." Of course it is, but personal guilt may be incurred by joining a conspiracy. That act of association makes one responsible for acts of others committed in pursuance of the association.

To what these two justices have written I would add that equally dangerous, in times such as these, with the abuse of "guilt by association," is the acceptance of the concept of "no guilt, no responsibility by association."

In my opinion, Henry Steele Commager is not an objective and sound historian, nor is he without heavy bias, but he does write brilliantly and I would not have missed him!

QUACKERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, by Albert Lynd (Atlantic Little Brown, 282 pp., \$3.50).

This is a book built to the need of the hour and written to an acute and growing problem in our public schools. "Progressive education" has progressed too far and too often in wrong directions. At the risk of being decapitated by the devotees of John Dewey, I would go on record as saying that we need more of what I find between these backs and perhaps considerably less of what has come down in the last generation from University Heights on Manhattan Island. Some of the author's indictments may be overdone, but the problem with which he deals has long since been overdue for the indictment. And finally I agree "that only by raising standards and by sharply raising salaries can the teaching profession attract better minds."

THE NATURE OF PREJUDICE, by Gordon W. Allport (Addison Wesley, 537 pp., \$5.50).

A profound book and yet one which is also readable and frequently even humorous in dealing with tragically serious matters. I once heard Eli Perkins deliver a lecture on "Milk," in which he developed the theme that there was humor in everything, including death and tombstones. This volume worthily reminded me of that lecture. The book should be in every private and public library. As a source study, it is a library in itself. For such days as these, it is particularly timely.

IN PARABLES, by Clovis G. Chappell (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 153 pp., \$2).

Another delightful Clovis G. Chappell volume: Material with inspiration for sermons which is equally stimulating and inspiring for devotional lay reading.

THE TEST OF FREEDOM, by Norman Thomas (Norton, 211 pp., \$3).

A typically forthright and timely book. It is not necessary to agree with the au-

thor in everything to take keen delight in what he has written. For instance, referring to the McCarran-Walter Act, he writes: "A fearful spirit in America which is in complete reversal of the spirit by which our fathers built the nation." So what? Our fathers, bless them, did not have Communism both within and without, and atheistic totalitarianism to contend with. In those days God-fearing men fought God-fearing men. Also he writes less than convincingly about the "invasion of free speech." But I agree with a great deal of what he says.

NOTES ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD; NOTES ON THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD, by Richard C. Trench, (Revell, 518 pp., \$3.75).

Here are companion volumes, modestly named, for, far beyond being merely "Notes," they are really inspiring, full-length readings. The parables and miracles of Jesus are the very heart of His ministry. They reveal the authority of His personality, both human and divine. In them, He comes alive as He releases and recreates life for dying bodies as well as dying souls. There is sermon material, rich and varied, in every chapter. There is also material for Sunday-school teachers and educators.

YOU CAN BE HEALED, by Clifton E. Kew and Clinton J. Kew (Prentice-Hall, 186 pp., \$2.95).

Here is a book for everyone who has a troubled mind and a discouraged will. It is a sound textbook in the field of psychology applied equally to the body, mind and soul of men and women. The conclusions and recommendations are based upon actual case histories—histories of healings through group therapy.

ON EAGLES' WINGS, by Arthur E. Southon (McGraw-Hill, 296 pp., \$3.50).

Here is a novel that is top flight material for a scenario. What a great picture it would make! The story is vivid and dramatic and carries reader interest with a rising tempo to the close. But it does not finish—it just stops. No doubt there is to be another volume, but the two belong in one.

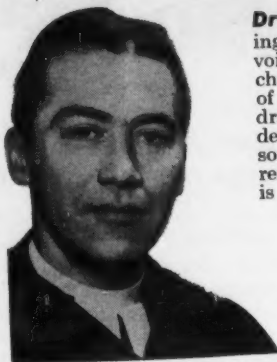
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GAMES, by Doris Anderson (Zondervan).

Here is a volume that is a veritable library of sparkling source material for fun-packed, wholesome games and stunts. Also you may be sure that good taste is never omitted. The program is for discerning and definitely committed Christian people and the author has a Christian sense of mission.

JEFF, by Paul Hughes (John Day, 251 pp., \$3.50).

This is a rousing, intensely human, happily humorous juvenile that belongs on the top shelf with "Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn"—and it is as interesting to parents as it is to the youngsters. The adventures of the hero are right down to the grass roots of a boy's life. You will have to hold your sides but it is worth it.

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Sunday School Lessons

By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, June 6

AMOS CONDEMNS SOCIAL INJUSTICE

AMOS 5:14; 7:10-17; 8:4-8

"THE Lord took me as I followed the flock." This was the credential Amos gave for his ministry to Israel. He was an alien, a citizen of the southern kingdom, Judah. He was a herdsman, pasturing his flocks on the barren lands that drop down from the plateau of Judah toward the Dead Sea. It was rugged country and it took a rugged man to make a success of raising sheep there. To market his sheep Amos drove them up to Bethel, capital of the northern kingdom. Jeroboam II was the king and by contemporary standards he was a great king. He had made Bethel the center of luxury. Here too he had established his temple where the people were expected to worship. Israel was never more prosperous and never more unworthy of God's blessings.

Amos came to Bethel only to sell his sheep, but he was filled with anger and disgust as he saw the heartless injustice of the rich toward the poor. Worship had degenerated into formalism. Wealth showered on the temple and elaborate ceremonies with countless sacrifices did not blind Amos to the hypocrisy of it all. He had learned to know and worship God in an out-of-doors temple. To him worship was a simple, sincere experience of the presence of God. He also had some very simple ideals for living. From worshipers of the true God he expected honesty, morality and fair dealing. So Amos spoke out.

He spoke for the poor and oppressed and against the rich. With them he must have been a popular hero or the authorities would probably have imprisoned him. Instead Amaziah, the priest, undertook to send him home.

"The Lord took me . . . and said, Go, prophesy." What did Amos mean? There seems to have been no miraculous experience like that of Moses with the burning bush, or of Paul on the road to Damascus. Some are called that way, but not Amos. He was on a business trip. His honest, clean soul was distressed by what he saw and heard in Bethel. Something within him would not let him remain silent. He was now

conscious of God's leading, through his regular vocation as a herdsman, to a situation demanding his witness.

When God is as real to us as He was to Amos, we cannot remain silent in the presence of evil. It would of course be safer and easier merely to look on injustice with a critical eye as would a spectator at an arena. But to see wrong is a call to attack wrong in the might of our God. Every great reform has come because someone risked all to speak for God.

No doubt the first impressions of Israel's sin were gained through signs of social injustice. In his business dealings Amos saw the contrast between the rich and the poor and the greed and immorality of the ruling class. Then his attention was drawn to their religious rites. One visit to the temple, one experience of the mockery of all that was sincere and holy in the rites of worship, and Amos understood the secret of Israel's moral collapse. So he attacked not only the unjust practices of home and market-place, but the pollution of religion.

God calls us to action when He gives us eyes to see what is wrong with our social order. A Christian can never say that injustice anywhere is "none of my business." To speak out may make us as unpopular as Amos. But this is God's way of calling us, of inspiring us to recognize and hate evil.

Questions:

Read II Kings 14:23-29 and the entire book of Amos as a background for this lesson. Can Amos be classified as a professional prophet? Are we inclined to criticize evils, but let someone else do the fighting? Do you find practices Amos attacked present in our society? List them.

• Sunday, June 13

AMOS DENOUNCES INTEMPERANCE

AMOS 2:11, 12; 4:1, 2; 6:1-7; ROMANS 13:13

AMOS, the honest herdsman, was shocked at the social life of Bethel. Conditions were rotten to the core in the capital of the northern kingdom. Lust, dishonesty, greed, drunkenness—these were not the disease but the symptoms. Israel had forsaken the God who had chosen her for a special blessing. So Amos denounced not only the

Based on International Sunday School Lessons; International Bible Lessons for Christian Teaching; © International Council of Religious Education.

Israelites' way of life but also the insincerity of their worship.

Speaking for his God, Amos charged Israel with defeating God's purpose. God had called men to prophesy, to proclaim the truth, but Israel refused to permit them to speak, just as Amaziah had tried to silence Amos. Some had been called to become Nazarites. This sect had arisen about the same time that prophets were first called, during the days of the Judges. Nazarites left their hair uncut as a sign that they would not conform to the practices of the loose-living nobles who cut and perfumed their hair. Nazarites also refrained from wine as a protest against drunkenness. Amos charged that Nazarites were forced to drink wine and so break their vows. Perhaps there is more to this charge than meets the eye. We can almost see prophets and Nazarites dragged into the orgies of Israel's rulers and forced to say what they did not believe and to drink the wine they detested.

Amos pointed out the damage done to the home and to society by drunkenness. (The passage from Amos 4 refers to the home and the reference from Amos 6 to society in general.) Amos does not "pull his punches." "Cows of Bashan," he calls the women of the court, Bashan, in the land of the Amorites, was known for its rich pasture. (Psalm 22:12 speaks of "Bulls of Bashan.") No nation can rise higher than the standards of its women. One of the tragic outcomes of the growth of women's rights is their demand to line up with men at the bar.

Amos speaks a warning to our times. The home is a divine institution. God planned it to be the environment where children would be born and grow to healthy, reverent maturity, surrounded by both love and discipline. No single cause of broken homes is as powerful as drunkenness.

In general Amos found Israel's social customs no different than those of neighboring heathen nations. Claiming belief in God did not make Israel different. Undue feasting and drinking, followed by orgies of the vilest immoralities, lowered man to the level of beasts, or lower. So were perverted the blessings of God.

Drunkenness is still one of the ever present factors in crime. At last judges are taking drunken drivers off the highways and sending them to jail. The toll of life taken by intoxicated drivers has finally frightened even the manufacturers of liquor. Piously they advertise, "If you drink, don't drive." But they know how to advertise their wares as innocent and attractive aids to a good time. Social workers will tell you that alcohol is the most destructive enemy they meet in the round of duty.

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ucation as to the dangers of alcohol is not enough. Only religion can free men from slavery to their appetites. Men need the sense of God's purpose in their lives. They must understand that time or talent wasted on anything that makes them less than their best, is sin. They must accept the responsibility of their freedom and by example and service translate their faith into dedicated life.

Questions:

Why do people drink alcoholic beverages? Because they crave them? To escape the realities of the world? Because it is supposed to be "the thing to do"? How would Christianity answer these alibis? What is your church or your class doing to solve the problem of drunkenness?

• Sunday, June 20

HOSEA PLEADS WITH ISRAEL

HOSEA 6

A FEW years after Amos' prophecy, another prophet was called to continue his work. His name, Hosea, means literally "Jehovah saves." If Amos spoke out of indignant horror at the debasement of religion and social life, Hosea seems more conscious of the mercy of God. He is no less a pleader for righteousness, but more a pleader for repentance to a God who loves His wayward children.

The book of Hosea is quite differently written from Amos. Hosea does not follow a well outlined pattern. High emotion leads him to write with somewhat less order. Some sentences are never finished.

In writing, Hosea used his own personal tragedy as an illustration of Israel's situation. In his youth he had given his heart to an unworthy woman, Gomer. In spite of her unfaithfulness, he remained true to her, and his heart was still filled with forgiving love. So he saw Israel as the bride of God.

Like Gomer, Israel was an adulterous bride. Even more clearly than Amos, Hosea seemed to sense the adultery of Israel in her idolatry. Israel had run away from the God who loved her. The heathen practices of worship in which Israel shared fairly broke Hosea's heart. He believed he could really understand how God felt about Israel. And as he had forgiven, so would God forgive. So he pleaded with the Israelites to repent and return to the God who loved them.

This was a period of confusion in the nation. Jeroboam II had died and there was no one strong hand to guide the nation. Israel was menaced by neighboring empires. Hosea saw the futility of diplomatic alignments with any of them. In this he reminds us of Jeremiah's warning to the Kingdom of Judah against alliances with heathen nations. Hosea too was a weeping

prophet seeking to turn the hearts of his countrymen back to their God. Hosea too would fail. Israel would remain a harlot till she would be destroyed.

This is the human tragedy. In spite of the love of God we can refuse Him. The grace of God pleads for repentance, change of mind, change of direction, away from sin to Him. What if we will not turn? The same gods that tempted Israel are tempting us away from the true God today. Once we lose the sense of the presence of God, we make gods of our own selfish desires. Men worship themselves. They think they can build a peaceful world in which all men will live well, without God's pattern and power as a foundation. We worship prosperity, security, and peace where there is no peace.

How Hosea foreshadows Christ! If the love of Christ will not woo us away from our idolatry, then are we lost. Where the fear of judgment fails to frighten us to repentance, the love of Christ may succeed. This is the basic solution to the social and religious sins of the world. It is God's final appeal.

Questions:

Amos and Hosea are called "minor" prophets. Does this mean they are less important than Jeremiah or Isaiah? Or is it because their recorded prophecies are shorter? List the present-day sins they attack. Hosea has been called "The Old Testament prophet of the New Testament gospel." Why?

• Sunday, June 27

JUDGMENT COMES TO ISRAEL

II KINGS 17:5-14, 18; HOSEA 14:9

DISOBEDIENCE is a progressive thing. White lies lead to gray and then to black lies. Little thefts lead to larger until finally judgment comes.

How wonderfully God had blessed Israel. Her whole history was the record of God's fatherly care. The Israelites had been rescued from slavery in Egypt, led to Canaan, given victory over their enemies, and by the time of David and Solomon had grown great and prosperous. How base their ingratitude! Often they had sinned, and like a good father, God punished them. When they repented, He forgave them and gave them another chance. How stubborn they were! "Stiff-necked" is the word the Bible uses; they would not bow their heads before God. Jesus was revealing the heart of God when He wept over Jerusalem: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not" (Matthew 23:37).

The northern kingdom, Israel, was another chance for the Jews. The first king, Jeroboam, was lifted to the throne from peasantry. He began by being

smart rather than godly. Fearing to have his people make regular pilgrimages to Jerusalem, he set up golden calves for them to worship and built a temple in Samaria. No doubt he thought that the people might worship their God under the symbol of calves. Intelligent idol worshipers in India tell the missionaries that they do not worship the idols but the gods they represent. But sin is progressive. Soon Israel was worshipping Baal and Moloch.

What more could God do for Israel? The last king, Hosea, rather better than the former kings of Israel, broke his word with Assyria and sought security through an alliance with Egypt. He had not learned that God was his only dependable ally. I wonder if our leaders today have learned this.

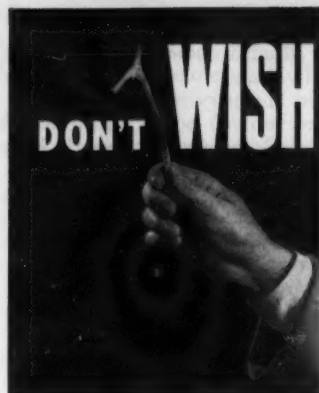
So Hosea was taken captive and the Assyrians overran the country. Samaria held out under siege for three years and finally fell. Assyria then used the same strategy used by our modern dictators and moved a large part of the people far away from their homeland. Other captive people were moved in. The Samaritan race of New Testament times descended from the inter-marriage of the heathen, brought in by Assyria, with the Israelites who had for some reason escaped captivity.

What happened to the ten tribes? No one knows. Most probably they were absorbed into the races where they settled. Though they would not bow before God, in the end they bowed before their Assyrian conquerors. Because man is free and God does not want the worship and obedience of slaves, God had done all he could to save Israel.

The lesson is clear. It applies to nations and to individuals. There is hope for those who do wrong if they will repent and turn to God in faith. When God is set aside for any substitute gods, sinning man has no place to go for forgiveness. An idol is anything we love more than God. The first steps toward destruction are steps away from the church and the faith it proclaims. God does not really send us into captivity; we send ourselves. We sign our own doom when we refuse to give God first place in our hearts. He would have all men be saved, even as He would have saved Israel. His grace reaches out in the arms of the cross.

Questions:

For a dramatic parable of "secret sins" read Ezekiel 8:7-13. To harden or stiffen the neck is a favorite figure of speech for stubbornness in Scriptures. Read Exodus 32:9; 33:5; 34:9; Deuteronomy 9:6, 13; 31:27; Proverbs 29:1; Acts 7:51. Suppose God were a spoiling Father, saving the unrepentant. What would have happened to Israel? Would there be any safety on earth? Could there be any heaven?



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My children's ages are

THE WOLF TREE

(Continued from page 25)

from the city. Not until just lately."

We went out in the motor canoe. Hank sat in the stern, wearing faded cotton trousers and a clean blue shirt. The sun had rusted his soft felt hat, turned his face and hands to walnut. "Reckon we better fish off Jones' Mistake," he said. "I haven't had the heart to drop line in water by that name for upwards of a year. Not till today. Because—well, I've been spleeny about mistakes. I been studying whether I made a big one. Nights, laying on my back, I've fretted."

We didn't hear the story then, but one night, late in the season, Hank dropped by our cabin and told us. It's a story I've never forgotten through the years since.

HE SAT ON our front steps, whittling a piece of pitch pine. "You see, when Pearl Harbor come, I figured I knowed machinery. Always had a knack, you might say. So me and my family packed up—my boys was just babies then—and we moved to the city. I went to a plant I'd heard about that was making special tools for the war.

"Straight off, I liked the boss, head of the plant. He was the quiet kind. Like me, he was crazy for tools. Yet he took a deep sight of interest, too, in us folks at the plant. He told us a pile of things, off and on, that wasn't about tools at all, and I used to study 'em over. One of his favorite sayings was that each man should stand up tall and come to his best.

"It wasn't long before I was foreman over 63 men. And he paid me big money. More'n I'll ever see again. My wife, Julie, and I had an apartment with all the tricks. My kids went to nursery school, and the teachers said they was bright as dollars. We started eating dinner at night instead of noon-times. We took in a pile of movies and stage plays and concerts.

"There we was, with the best of everything, you might say. But I wasn't happy. All the while I was raging homesick for this place up here. I wanted to look out, like you can here from the fire tower, and not see nobody for miles and miles. Seemed like I couldn't stand it because I didn't hear the loons laughing on the lake, and the bobcats crying.

"Sometimes I'd think I'd forgot, and then, maybe while I was crossing some street, it would hit me—how the light of the oil lamps was soft and butter color. Many's the time, when Julie and me was at the movies, I never seen the picture, because I was remembering winter, and me on my snowshoes, making the rounds of my traps, towards night, when the snow turns

blue. Most of all, I guess, I kept craving to lay my axe to a wolf tree.

"I reckon any man is spleeny in a place where he don't belong. With all them thousands of people around, I was lonely! I used to take walks late at night, when the streets was near empty, so's I wouldn't feel so forsaken. But you just can't make friends with steel and stone, when you've knowed the hills. Once it come over me there'd been a couple of months since I'd seen moon and stars. I took me a bus 20 miles to the far edge of town to look at full sky. That was the only time in them years when I felt like I stood up real tall.

"Yes, I was living hunched over. There was things that always kept me from being the human creature I wanted to be. All kinds of things I couldn't lay my finger on, and that I can't say clear even now. But I never told one solitary word to nobody. Because them tools was too important.

"When the end of the war come, I



LIVE AND LEARN

*She said our kids were unrefined;
If they were hers, she'd make 'em
mind.*

*Now all her friends are gay and
gladsome,*

For finally she went and had some.

—Elinor K. Rose



figured we could make tracks for home like greased lightning. But the boss called me into his office. I went there with my tail over the dashboard.

"'Hank,' he says, deep serious, 'I been keeping an eye on you. I believe you knows machinery like few men I ever seen. Besides, you got a rare inventive turn of mind. Now we're going to reconvert and make precision tools for peace time. I'd like for you to stay here and be my assistant. Your future is all set, Hank. As far as you're concerned, the sky's the limit.'

"He was making me an offer that any other man at the plant would have give the blood in his veins for. And there I was, like a dumb clunk of lead.

"'Boss,' I finally says, 'you're the swellest guy I ever knowed, and I sure do thank you. But—where could I live?'

"'You might find a house in the suburbs,' he says, 'a real nice place with a couple of hundred foot of ground.'

"I didn't tell him that was puny ground. All I says was, 'Boss, it's not in the cards that you and me should

stay together. We was different bred and born. I crave the woods.'

"'Heavenly day, man,' he says, 'don't you realize what I'm trying to give you? This is your chance to get on in the world. I don't mean no offense,' he says, 'but you don't understand the stuff you got and what you can make of yourself. Why, you could go anywheres and meet up with fine people. You could stand up tall and be anything you had a mind to.'

"Well, I didn't have no words. How can a man make plain to anybody else about the things that cramps him up, and what he really craves? Besides, I knowed he thought he was doing me a big favor. So all I says was, 'Here in the city, I can't seem to get my growth.'

"Then he got kind of mad. 'Think of your children,' he says. 'Here they have a pile of chances they'll never get back in the woods. Chances that will make fine men of them when they're grown.' Then he used a couple of fancy words that I've remembered time and time again. 'Here,' he says, 'they can have a life of the mind and of the spirit.'

"I told him I'd think it over. When I went out of that office, I was really tormented. Because I'd always had it in my heart to do right by my boys.

"Say, I began thinking I was going out of my head. There I was, wanting the woods like I was one of them wild things over to the zoo, trampling back and forth. But I didn't want to wrong my boys. So I was tore, up and down and backwards and forwards.

"I got to figuring maybe the city was right. The school had all them new ways of teaching. My boys would meet kids whose folks went to college. Why, already they acted different from me, like real gentlemen. There was all kinds of clubs they could join, and libraries with stacks of books laying around.

"Then one Sunday my kids—they was turning five and six by this time—asked me to tell them a story. So I starts out, 'Once there was an otter.'

"They says, 'What's an otter?'

"First off, I thought they was fooling, and then it come over me of course they don't remember no otter. Nor no other animal, up close. They didn't know how it was to nose along the woods road and see a deer's head, antler and all, amongst the leaves. See it just for a whipsnap, mind you, and then there'd be the white scut high-tailing it into the brush. They couldn't of told me the feel of beech bark.

"Bass spawning in the shallows. Sheldrakes rising from the reeds. My kids hadn't had the luck to lay eyes on such things. They hadn't hid and watched a raven make a nest. Why,

(Continued on page 58)



Feminine

The class was discussing the North American Indian when the teacher asked if anyone could tell what the leaders of the tribes were called.

"Chiefs," a girl replied.

"Correct. Now, can any of you tell me what the women were called?"

"Mischiefs," said Johnny.

—Watchman-Examiner

Hard at Work

Guide: "These rock formations were piled up here by the glaciers."

Curious Lady: "But where are the glaciers?"

Guide: "They've gone back, madam, to get more rocks."

Confusion

The employer asked his secretary to look at a letter addressed to him. "I can't make out whether it's from my tailor or my lawyer," he worried. "They're both named Smith."

And this is what his secretary read: "I have begun your suit. Ready to be tried on Thursday. Smith."

—Builders

Bare

Small Betty: "I found a horseshoe this morning."

Mother: "Do you know what that means?"

Small Betty: "Yes, it means that some horse is running around in his stocking feet."

Colorful

Young Husband: "This blueberry pie looks queer."

Young Wife: "Maybe I put too much bluing in the dough."

Last Word

A city visitor to the country watched a farmer fishing, without luck, for three hours. Finally, he could stand it no longer. "Your time must not be very valuable to you," he said. "I've been watching you for three hours and you haven't had a single bite."

The farmer rejoined, "My time may not be worth much to me, but it's too valuable for me to waste three hours watching another guy fishing when he ain't catching!"

Train Story

Passenger: "Conductor, what's the name of this station?"

Conductor: "Fishhook—they call it that because it's the end of the line."



This is the third in a series of the leaders of MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE

D. L. Moody once said:

"I am thankful to tell you that I have some splendid men and women in the field. My school work will not tell much while I am living, but when I am gone I SHALL LEAVE SOME GRAND MEN AND WOMEN BEHIND!"

Moody has been with the Lord for more than fifty years, and the "grand men and women" he left behind have guided Moody Bible Institute through the years and kept it true to God.

James M. Gray
THE
EDUCATOR

It took the keen discernment of D. L. Moody to discover in a small, quiet Boston rector a man with an unusual teaching gift and executive ability. But discover him he did, and induced Dr. James M. Gray to come to MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE as a lecturer and extension worker. Soon after Dr. Reuben A. Torrey resigned for his world evangelistic tour, Dr. Gray became head of the Institute, a position he held until the time of his retirement in 1934, just a year before his homegoing.

Coming on the scene at a time when Bible study was almost entirely of the analytical type, Dr. Gray gave a fresh emphasis to investigation of the Book of books with what he called "synthetic Bible studies." Not only at MBI, but throughout the country, large Bible classes began to put the far-separated truths of the Scriptures together, rather than quibble over Greek roots and verb tenses.

Dr. Gray served in the position of directing executive at MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE for more than 30 years, and his success in that field was observed and admired by business executives everywhere. Under his leadership every department became a model of economy and efficiency, and graduates were taught to "do things" as in no other religious institution. In those 30 years, MBI grew from a handful of buildings when Dr. Gray came, to more than 25 buildings at the time of his death. The enrollment changed from two or three hundred in the Day School to more than 900; in the Evening School from nothing to upward of 1,000 annually; and in the Correspondence School from zero to an average of more than 9,000.

Today MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE is still forging ahead in the path outlined by the GRAND MEN who under God founded and directed it. Its many ministries reach millions of individuals for Christ each year—individuals in every country of the world. But the chief ministry of the Institute remains that of furnishing tuition-free Bible training to consecrated young men and women who are preparing for lives of Christian service—both as full-time workers and laymen.



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THE WOLF TREE

(Continued from page 56)

they couldn't even carry and camp out, pulling your canoe over your head and sleeping under if it rains.

"Here they was, playing in a park the size of a shirt tail, looking at pictures and reading books instead of doing things firsthand. And who was the best people they was meeting? Kids whose fathers couldn't go out to a stand of timber and pick out some likely trees and axe them down and scale off the bark and build themselves a sightly cabin.

"Besides, for all those folks having had so much education, they didn't talk about nothing firsthand. Only what they read in the paper or heard over the radio. Most times they talked about what they had, and how they was going to lay their mitts on some more. I kept asking myself where, when you come right down to it, was the life of the mind and of the spirit that the boss talked about.

"That Sunday night, after my kids went to bed, I seen it all, for the flash of a minute, real clear and straight. I knowed the city wasn't ever going to make my boys get up to their best. I was raising a soft, unhandy pair. Like me, they was living hunched up.

"So we moved back. Don't need to tell you how glad we was to lay eyes on home. But, all the same, there was times when I got twisted again. I wasn't dead sure of my bearings.

"Well, the boss and me always wrote back and forth and I kept telling him he should come up here. So, about a month ago, he finally done it. I went clear over to the station, 50 miles, to meet him, and I'd of gone further.

"First thing I noticed, he looked a lot smaller than he had at the plant. He had him that same smile, but his eyes was deeper in his head, and his hair showed plenty gray. It kind of went through me that the boss should be getting old.

"I guided him the whole month steady, right up till you folks come. At first he was sort of kidding me about what I might of been if I'd stayed in the city. Well, I didn't say nothing. I just took him out for bass.

"To begin with, he always wanted a bass to bite every two minutes, or he wasn't satisfied. But after a while he quieted down. He got so he'd lay back in the boat, not doing anything special. There was long spells he didn't speak a solitary word, just looked around, real thoughtful. The loons and the eagles—he liked 'em all. I showed him where I set my mink traps, and where the logs comes down in the spring and is wound acrost the lake. He wanted to walk the tote-roads

and the twitch-roads. We even tented out and cooked his catch over birch-fire and made us bough beds.

"The last day he was here, we put into an island around noon. We set with our backs against tree stumps, looking out towards the water.

"Hank," he finally says, 'you and I been friends since the first day you come to the plant. I know you like the back of my own hand. I see you been fretted some.'

"Been twisted,' I says.

"He just set for a minute with the sun on the white in his hair. And then it seemed like he went off on another tack. 'Tell me, Hank,' he says. 'Ever since I been up in this neck of the woods I noticed signs that says: "Cut the Wolf Trees Down. Use Them for Fuel." What in thunder is a wolf tree?'

"They're the good-for-naught trees,' I tells him. 'They shuts out the sun from the trees a man really wants to raise. So the good growths can't make leaf or branch. Time and time again you'll come to a stand of timber, and there'll be the wolf trees, tall and thick, and the others, that might of been worth a pile, all stunted.'

"That's what I figured,' he says. Then he looks a way off, thoughtful, for a minute.

"HANK,' he says, 'there's wolf trees down in the city. They're spreading out where there had ought to be the fine wood growing. Too many folks isn't making leaf or branch, is living cramped and puny. You see, Hank, I'd say wolf trees is all the things that keeps a man from coming to his best. Sometimes, for instance, they're what makes a man want to get on in the world, when he don't know what it means to get on, and crave the gadgets, instead of what's important.'

"Of course, Hank,' he says, 'there's a heap more wolf trees in the city than anywheres else. Because the city's got more folks, and they don't have life clear and simple. But the truth is—there's wolf trees any place.'

"He looked out acrost the lake, and for a minute I thought he'd forgot me. 'In any place,' he says, 'no matter what it is, if a man's not coming to his best, some wolf tree is keeping him from full sun. It can be a pile of things—ignorance, or fear or bitterness in a man's heart, or hunger and cold, or grieving for what can't be helped.'

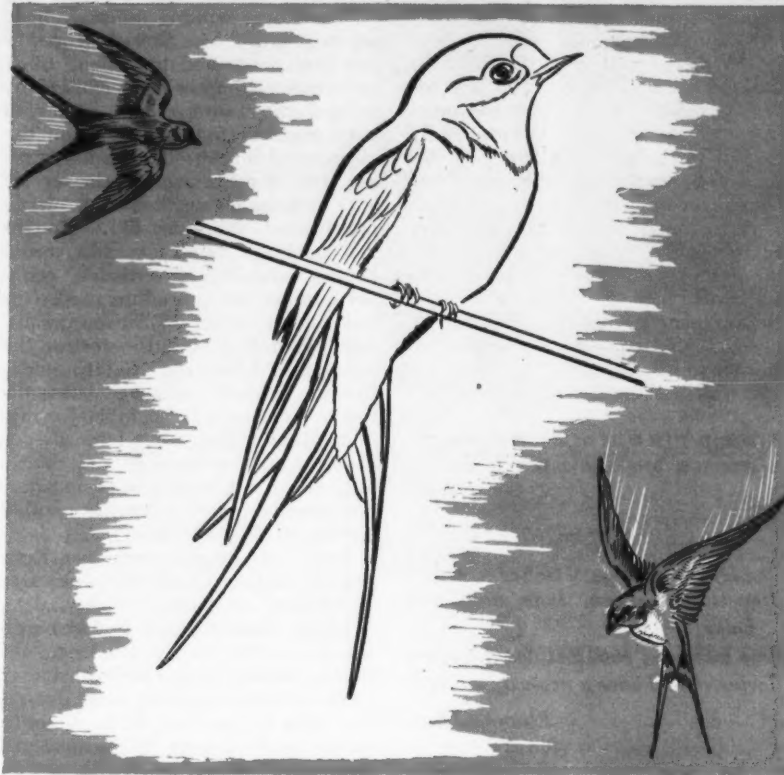
"Then he stopped and looked at me real deep and gentle. And it was like a stone rolled off me.

"Every man has to find where full sun is for him,' he says. 'No need to fret, Hank. You didn't let the wolf trees stunt you.'

THE END

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited by
**BETTY JUNG
FITZSIMMONS**



With your crayons, color this picture of the graceful swallow on his perch.

Swallow-Wise

HIS story began in New York city. A little girl visiting from a small town saw in the city a very large church. In front of the church some people were watching as a bride and groom left after a wedding. With great excitement, the little girl said, "Mommy, look at the funny coats those men are wearing!" And it was true. Some men were wearing "funny" coats with two long tails down the back.

"Those are called swallow-tail coats," her mother said. "They are worn by some men for such special events. They get the name 'swallow-tail' from the swallow bird. You know, it has two long tails."

Do you know anything about the swallow bird? It has influenced people in many ways all through history.

The Bible mentions one way a swallow influenced a man's thinking. Once upon a time a king named Hezekiah was sick unto death. The prophet Isaiah went to visit him. He gave Hezekiah this message: "You are not going

to die, O King. God heard your prayers and said that you will live fifteen years more. He will also deliver you from the enemy at the gates of your kingdom and will defend you."

You can guess how happy that king was—what a wonderful promise! But what has this to do with a swallow?

King Hezekiah himself wrote an account of his illness. After telling how sick he had been, he then compared himself to a crane or a swallow. "Like a crane or swallow, so did I chatter [talk]. I did mourn: mine eyes are weary with looking upward; O Lord; I am oppressed, be thou my security."

For when Hezekiah was sick in his bed, he could look out the window and could probably see a swallow dart and dip as he circled. And as he flies, the swallow keeps up a constant twitter or chatter, which is his song. But the swallow does not let his chatter interfere with gracefulness as he glides and soars and dips. Every time he darts and dips downward he catches a fly-

ing insect. Or maybe he is thirsty and will get a drink of water from a smooth pool or pond. Yes, he can do that even while flying. His timing is perfect.

King Hezekiah could have learned another lesson from the swallow besides noticing the twitter song. We can learn this lesson of perfect timing, of being swallow-wise. We need to know just *when* to do *what*.

The swallow loves to fly. You can see that once you watch his graceful, circling flight. In watching him, just see how his whole body goes upward, as if toward God, his Creator, as if he were thanking God for making him so beautiful and so strong. A man who studies birds' habits says that swallows may live to be ten years old. They fly an average of ten hours a day. All that flying time added together for ten years would equal going around the world 87 times!

Had Hezekiah thought about it and written it down in his account he might have mentioned another point about the swallow, that God has a "job" for him. He helps reduce the numbers of crop-eating insects.

In Palestine, the Holy Land, there are 10 species or kinds of swallows. In one place they like to build their nests in churches. King David noticed the swallow's habits as well as King Hezekiah. He said: "Yea, the sparrow has found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Host. Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house."

Here are some swallow-wise suggestions:

1. When you talk, do not just twitter and chatter; say something.
2. Look upward to God.
3. If you are downhearted as King Hezekiah was, pray: "Take care of me, don't let me be afraid, O Lord."
4. Learn perfect timing, to do the day-by-day jobs.
5. Find God's purpose for you.
6. Dwell in the house of the Lord; the church was a place of rest for the swallow too.
7. Do you love to live as much as the swallow loves to fly? His graceful actions prove that he loves to fly. Our action will prove how much we love to live.

GET SWALLOW-WISE.

—PAULA GUILD BJORK

DOES GOD HEAL SICKNESS TODAY?

(Continued from page 19)

involved in many Lenten responsibilities, nevertheless graciously gave me his full attention.

"When did you first become interested in divine healing?" I asked him.

"As a young man serving in a Minnesota mining town." The Bishop sighed, looking beyond me with a pleasant yet wistful smile as he recalled his friendship with Dr. Bob Bowen, a skilled young surgeon his own age, who by choice ministered to workers in the open pits and mines.

"Many a night I wandered over to his hospital to listen as he talked with those who came for medical help. Mutual growing belief in the mysteries of the power of healing cemented our friendship. Often I stood in his operating room, watched Dr. Bowen finish some delicate piece of surgery, and then lay down his instruments and say, 'Now it's up to Him.'"

On one occasion a young woman was so desperately ill that Dr. Bowen sent simultaneously for two consulting surgeons and his preacher friend. "Austin," he said, "I'm turning her over to you until the consultation at six tonight."

"I found the patient in a coma," recalled Bishop Pardue, "also her husband in an extreme state of anxiety. I asked him to find an empty room and repeat continuously the Lord's Prayer. Standing beside her bed I weighed the facts. Here was an expectant mother who had been kept alive for three weeks through countless intravenous feedings. I prayed earnestly until she opened her eyes and tried to smile. 'Be still and know that I am God,' I quoted, then printed it in large letters and placed it by her so she could easily see it when she again opened her eyes."

"Two hours later I walked into her room again—to see her drinking tea. Downstairs, three surgeons were shaking their heads over her chances for survival. That night she sat up to eat her dinner! She did survive and her daughter is now a young woman."

"How do you account for the sudden change in the patient?" I asked.

"I don't," replied Bishop Pardue, "except to say that the faith of a devoted doctor, coupled with that of the rest of us, helped make it possible."

Conviction accented the Bishop's next statement. "There is nothing new about the miracle of healing," he said.

When did his emphasis upon healing as a logical part of his ministry begin? When the Pittsburgh mother of a daughter born deaf and blind, demanded, "Bishop, what shall I do? Will my church help me or must I seek out some cult or science?"

From then on Bishop Pardue began

in earnest to encourage his clergy to rediscover God's healing power. Because of the ill-repute caused by some individuals who exploited religion through healing routines, it was not at first easy to convince church members of the power that could be released through faith. Bishop Pardue sent for Dr. Alfred W. Price, who for more than twelve years had successfully carried on a healing ministry in his beautiful, century-old St. Stephen's Church in Philadelphia.

"I reasoned that if our ministers could see Dr. Price conducting healing services, and had a chance to consult with him, it would help," the Bishop related. Soon after, Pittsburgh's healing ministry within the Episcopal church was born.

I watched the Laying-on-of-Hands



SPLIT TIMING

*She takes her two-year-olds for walks,
Jim starts to run, Jane stops and
balks;*

*One takes one path and one the other,
Twins should have a two-way mother!*

—Elinor K. Rose



services in several churches. Many ministers give Communion first, then while the people remain kneeling after having communed, the rector lays his hands upon each head, praying for God's healing power to enter that life to heal all ills of body, mind and soul according to divine will.

The result of this sacramental act of faith often has been nothing short of amazing. Though many times there is at first no change visible to the human eye, the ultimate results prove that prayer is still a most successful form of psychotherapy.

Mrs. Van D., a lovely person 50 years old, told me she had been working with her doctor for five years to bring down her blood pressure, but without much success.

"When our rector announced that he would hold healing services for those interested, I became a regular attendant every Wednesday morning. Gradually my pressure began to drop from 240 until now it is 160. My doctor is surprised and pleased, and told me to stick to my religion. He tells me now he had thought I was malignant

because my blood pressure stayed at the same high point so long."

I became interested in one of the growing churches in the Brentwood section of Pittsburgh, where the young rector, Reverend Don Gross, began healing services in March, 1952.

"There was nothing unusual about our beginning," Mr. Gross told me. "I had been interested for a long time, but when a group of my members expressed their interest we began to meet together to read books on the subject and to visit other healing services. Our first visit was to the service of a popular evangelist, and left us discouraged. While we did not doubt that healings could take place, and possibly did, we nevertheless could not endorse the procedure used. Our last visit was to the Wilkensburg Episcopal church, where the rector, the Reverend A. Dixon Rollet, under Bishop Pardue's influence, was the first in the diocese to begin the Laying-on-of-Hands. We came back to our church much encouraged and shortly after began our healing work on Saturday mornings, now grown to another service on Wednesday nights."

Today, at least twenty-two Episcopal churches in Bishop Pardue's area participate in a healing ministry.

Other denominations in Pittsburgh are also taking up the challenge. Before my arrival there, I had heard often of the outstanding work being done in this field by the Rev. Richard Rettig, pastor of St. Peter's Evangelical and Reformed Church. Dr. Rettig met my train, helped me to get settled in my hotel and then drove me home to dinner with his family. At once they took me into their parsonage circle.

It was from Dick and Edna Rettig, who work together in their brownstone church which rises high above city streets, that I learned much about the healing power available today. They believe that within us all there lie deep, dormant spiritual resources, waiting to be tapped. Dick and Edna, under God's guidance, know how to tap them. In their weekly prayer group, intercessions for the sick and troubled rise high and faithfully.

I listened for hours to many who came to tell me of the help they had received through Dr. Rettig's healing ministry. Howard was one of them.

Out of a quiet night, he told me, there came the sudden screeching of brakes, a crashing thud, and his care-free life dissolved into a hospital bed in the traction ward. This young married man just turning thirty was now face to face with the sterner side of life through pain and hopeless despair. Months later doctors looked without hope upon his leg ulcer after removing the body cast.

"Their only solution, a silver bar

from hip to knee on the inside of the right femur, did not look inviting to me," Howard recounted. "They insisted there could be no recovery without an operation. After seven months in traction I was about ready to try anything!"

That same morning back in Howard's home church, Dr. Rettig bent over his study desk in meditation, the names of the sick of his congregation before him. Over Howard's name he lingered, pouring out love and compassion for this young man. Somehow, he knew that a miracle was in the making. His prayer hour over, the feeling persisted until noon. Lunch forgotten, he hurried to the hospital.

Meanwhile, that morning, Howard was trying to reach a decision regarding the operation. Praying as best he could, he began to feel a new prickling sensation in his leg. Dr. Rettig had said so often that God answered prayer, and now for the first time Howard was willing to give it a chance. Hope surged within him as doggedly he tried to move the limb. Determined, he persisted. After a while he was able to slide over to the side of his bed and plant both feet on the floor. At that moment his minister stepped into his room and in a glance caught the thrill of achievement on the face of the young man before him. Grateful tears slipped down Dr. Rettig's cheeks.

"That was the beginning of my recovery," explained Howard, "but something more than healing took place. When I saw my pastor weeping for me, I found God!"

Before the momentous day passed, doctors decided to send the patient home until time healed the ulcer, to give better prospects of a successful operation later. At home, Howard prayed and worked. He concentrated on moving his leg a little every day. Finally he could lift it straight up in the air. He enrolled for a course in radio and television technique, partly by mail. At first the college refused him entrance, but when he assured them he would be there to take the exams at the completion of the term, he was admitted. Four months passed before he hobbled downtown to the college, took his exams, passed with flying colors. Then he returned to the hospital, to hear the doctors' astounding verdict, "No operation necessary!"

THE amazing fact to me," Howard commented, "was that new bone actually grew in where it was needed. One doctor told me that I had cheated them out of an operation, and another remarked that I had healed myself. But my pastor and I knew that God healed me!"

Faith healing had worked in Pitts-
(Continued on page 67)



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*As reported in "Caffeine and Peptic Ulcer" by Drs. J. A. Roth, A. C. Ivy and A. J. Atkinson in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

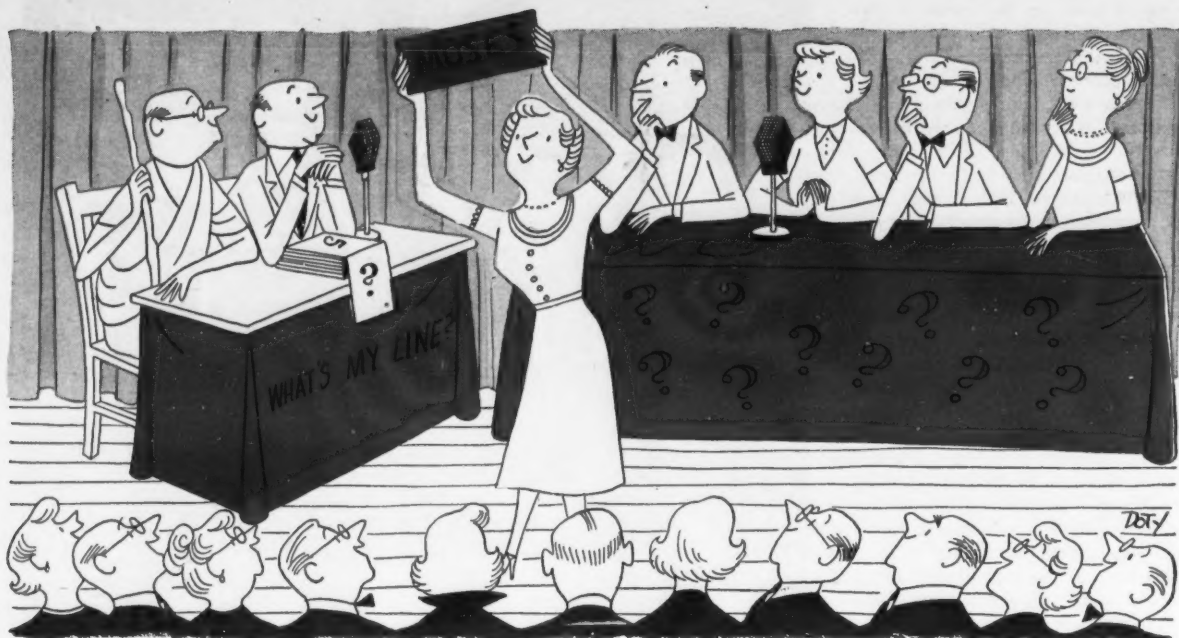
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ILLUSTRATOR: ROY DOTY

TV INSPIRES PROGRAMS FOR

Family Night

"GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen! It is television night at your church. You've always wanted to be on one of those television quiz programs. You've always wanted to match wits with the experts. Now you don't have to make a trip to the big city to have your chance. Right here in your own church parlors you can take part in a television show. Our genial m. c. for tonight is . . ."

For a family night party at the church or a Sunday-school get-together, what could be more fun than a program modeled after some television show? It's bound to appeal to youngsters and oldsters alike.

Television offers such a variety of possibilities. There are game programs and stunt programs, quiz programs and programs to honor special persons or events. Choose the kind best suited to your occasion, or use a variety of different ones and create the effect of switching the dial from channel to channel. It's easy to add a constructive touch to this sort of evening without spoiling the fun, by using your quiz programs to bring out questions about the Bible or your church, its background, policies and history.

Don't forget to add laughs and a

touch of realism with a few commercials. Your master of ceremonies may interrupt with, "But first, a word from our sponsor . . ." and a trio will appear singing (to the tune of "There's cold-cream now in Camay"):

"There're cushions in our pew-seats!
There're cushions in our pew-seats!
New elegance and new luxury
Come to church and you will see
There're cushions in our pew-seats!"

The fun is in making your show resemble a real television program as much as possible. Study carefully the show you want to copy. As you watch it, take notes of the sequence of events, or phraseology used. Choose a clever master of ceremonies who is good at impersonating the mannerisms of such announcers as Bud Collyer, Bert Parks, Herb Shriner, Ralph Edwards, etc. A

writer who can turn out a good script based on your model show will also be a big help. If your church boasts a public address system, press it into service to give folks a real feeling of talking into a microphone. If not, get some handy person to build some imitation microphones.

Here are some specific possibilities for turning television shows into programs for your church activities. If your favorite show is not included here, these will still serve as examples when you plan your own take-off.

1. *Break the Bank*. Pick contestants from the audience by calling for volunteers. Contestants come up to the master of ceremonies, Bert Parks, two by two. For the first question answered right, contestants will be awarded 10 jelly beans, for the second, 20 jelly beans, and so on till they miss. Each time the master of ceremonies will ask, "You've won 10 jelly beans; do you want to try for 20?" When they miss, they get a chance for the big jackpot question of 500 jelly beans.

Questions start easy and get harder. Sample: "When are worship services held in this church? What is the seating capacity? When was the cornerstone laid? Who founded this denomination?"



For your jackpot questions have contestants arrange the jumbled words of a Bible verse in proper order. They may be written on a large blackboard.

2. *Name That Tune.* Set up a bell or dinner gong at one side of your stage. Seat two contestants on the opposite side. The pianist plays a hymn, and as soon as one of the contestants thinks he can identify it, he rushes across the stage and rings the bell, which is the signal for the pianist to stop. The first one to ring the bell is allowed to give the answer, so there is often an exciting race for the bell. If the first answer is wrong, the other contestant has a chance to try. Give a candy bar for each right answer.

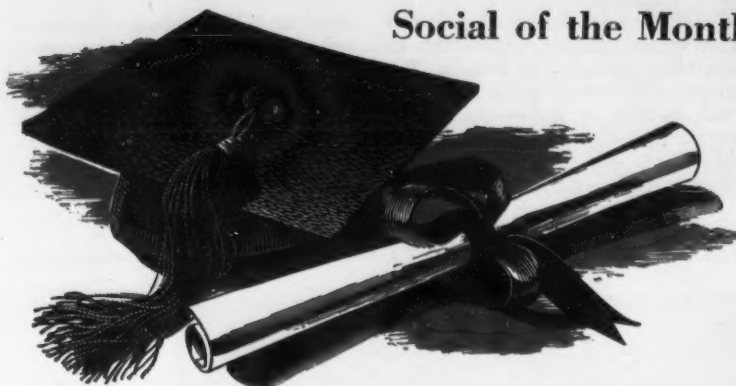
3. *Two for the Money.* Members of Sunday-school classes may be divided into teams of two each. Each team takes its turn with the master of ceremonies, Herb Shriner. Questions take the form of: Name as many men of the Bible as you can. Name as many women of the Bible as you can. Name as many cities or towns, as many bodies of water, musical instruments or miracles mentioned in the Bible as you can. Name as many missionary countries, religious leaders or religious terms as you can, and so on. Fifteen seconds are allowed for answering each question. For each correct answer five peanuts may be awarded to a team.

4. *Beat the Clock.* For a hilarious good time let groups come up by families and see if they can "beat the clock." Mother and dad perform, while children cheer them on. A metronome is a good way of clicking off the time dramatically. Use an alarm clock ring to indicate when time is up.

ONE stunt is to set eight or ten paper drinking cups upside down at regular intervals around the edge of a table. Seat the contestant on a stool and give him a fishpole with a ball attached to the end of the line. The object is to knock cups off the table with the ball by moving the fishpole so that it swings against them. No fair touching cups with anything but the ball. Other stunts are blowing balloons over a goal post, piling 25 blocks on top of each other, having a woman pound five nails into a block of wood, carrying a ball on a flat cardboard with one hand while walking along a chalk line drawn across the stage. Specify exactly the stunt to be done and the time allowed before the contestants begin.

Announcer: "And now we pause for a message of interest."

Young lady steps from curtains. "Hello. I'm Susan Smith. Are your hymnals badly ripped and torn? [Holds up book in tatters.] You can make them good as new with Stick-



Social of the Month

OPEN HOUSE FOR THE GRADUATING CLASS

TO their young people who are graduating from high school, many churches like to present Bibles of their own. A June open house in the church recreation rooms provides a good opportunity for this.

On your tea table use a pretty cloth and for a centerpiece a real mortar board turned upside down. (You can make a mortar board of cardboard and black shiny paper if you prefer.) Fill the crown with a bowl of June roses and set tall candles on either side. Place a big dummy diploma tied with the school colors beside the mortar board.

Serve punch from a pretty bowl and "diploma" sandwiches. These are simply the rolled variety tied with ribbon in class colors. Frosted cake squares may have the class numerals in class colors, and these colors may also be featured in candy mints.

Perhaps there is a musician among the graduates who will play soft background music during the tea. It would be nice to get someone to act as a strolling photographer, taking candid shots.

Have predictions about the future of each graduate written in verse and tied up like tiny diplomas. Mark each with the graduate's name at the end of the verse. Let guests pick a "diploma" at random and read the verse aloud, announcing the name of the person about whom it was written at the end, and handing it over to that person to keep. In this way everyone will have his prediction read by someone else.

Play "Getting into College." This is a sit-down game, and requires two persons in the crowd who know the secret. Keep playing it until everyone catches on to the trick. The secret is to name some article being worn by the person on your right. This alone is what entitles you to "get into college."

The first player says, "When I go to college, I will take a pair of black shoes." The person on his right has on black shoes, so the two who are in the know say, "You can get in." The next person wants to take a red coat and is told he can't get in. As it goes around the circle, some will guess the right thing to take without knowing and the two who know will play the game correctly until others begin to guess the trick. When all have joined the ranks of those who know the proper articles that will "get them into college," the game is over.

Tite, the wonderful, all-purpose glue. Let me demonstrate: "Here's a hymnal that has been treated with Stick-Tite, the wonderful, new all-purpose glue. See how neat and firm it is? No ragged sloppy edges. In fact [tries to open book, but cannot], Stick-Tite has done the job so well, you can't even get it open. Now, isn't that proof that you, too, should get Stick-Tite, and get all your hymnals stuck tight?"

5. *Sense and Nonsense.* A good contest between two Sunday-school classes,

boys against girls, or ushers against Ladies Aid. Arrange blindfolds and nose clips to shut off the senses not involved in certain tests. For testing sound, blindfolds are enough. See if contestants can distinguish the sound of two pieces of sandpaper rubbed together or of air being slowly let out of a balloon. Be sure to arrange your action so that the audience can see what it is contestants are trying to identify. For testing smell, blindfolds are also enough. Let contestants see

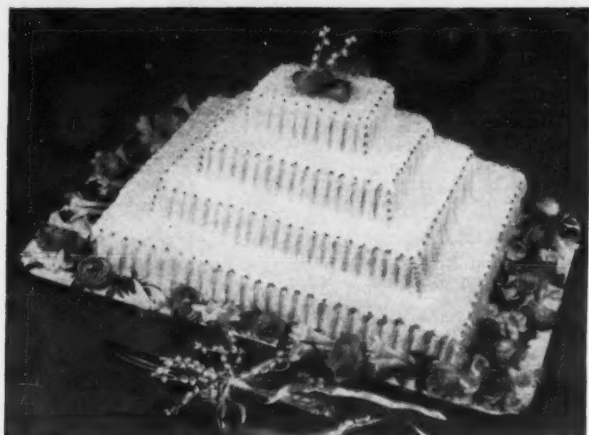
if they can guess fingernail polish or ink. With nose clips and blindfolds let them taste pimienta or banana. For testing touch, let them feel, blindfolded, a doll carriage or a live guinea pig. Five points for each correct answer.

6. *What's My Line?* For this you need a panel of real experts—some out-

standing Bible students. The panel is seated at a table facing the audience, and the announcer at a smaller table to one side. A man dressed in biblical costume enters, walks past the panel, and sits down beside the announcer. A card is held up to tell the audience that he represents Moses. It is now up

to the panel to ask questions which can be answered by yes or no, leading up to the discovery of who this Bible character is. An expert may continue asking questions as long as he receives the answer, yes. When he gets a no, his turn passes to the next expert. Your minister should serve as the announcer

HOW TO BAKE A TIERED CAKE



HERE'S a professional-looking cake for weddings or other extra special occasions that can be made by any good cake maker. There's no unusual cooking equipment called for. All that's necessary is one 9 x 12 x 2-inch pan, which will hold one recipe of a two-layer, 9-inch white cake. You'll need to bake four double cakes. Though it will take a bit of time, the result is worth it. The trick is to have each layer smaller than the one below, with a generous difference all around to avoid a cone effect. The rectangular shaped cake is "newer" than the round type.

Bake your cakes the day before the big event. Make and bake four panfuls—four recipes each of an elegant white

cake. Place two layers on a thin board cut 18 x 12 inches to fit two cake layers arranged side by side (**Photograph 1**).

(**Photograph 2**) Make a big batch of "snowy cream" frosting (recipe on facing page) to give a rich undercoating which sets and holds the crumbs in place. Frost the two bottom-layer cakes. Fill in the space between the two cakes. Spread generously in the center where the next layer will rest. Then center one cake atop the two bottom cakes.

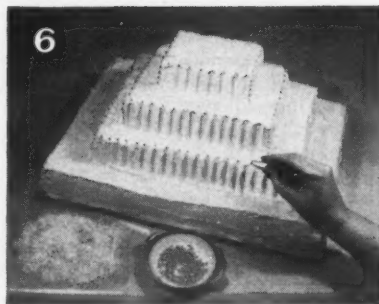
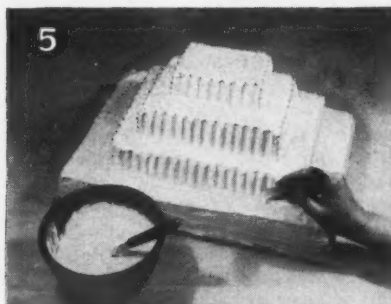
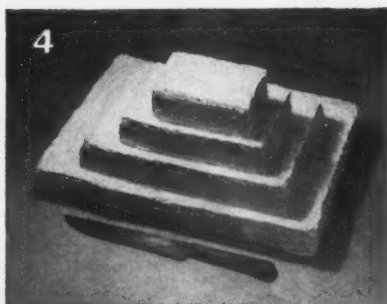
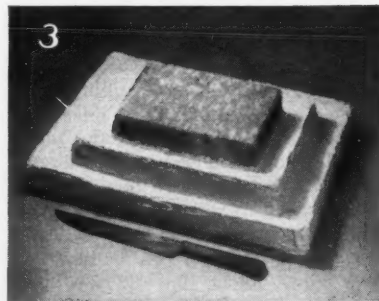
Now frost the top and sides of this second tier and leave a generous portion of frosting in the center to anchor the third layer (**Photograph 3**). This third tier is just half a layer. Center it on the second tier.

Cut the last half a cake in half again to form a fourth tier and center it on top (**Photograph 4**). (You'll have a piece left over which the kiddies can munch on.) Completely frost it. Now is the time to be sure every speck of the impressive tiers is covered with frosting. Cover your handiwork with clean paper and keep it cool until next day.

Comes the big day, make three recipes of 7-minute frosting and beat, beat, beat, or use the special uncooked fluffy Ornamental Frosting (recipe on facing page). (**Photograph 5**) Start at the top and spread the top tier and sides with a uniform coating of the frosting. Use the handle of a teaspoon to make columns at equal distances. Sprinkle coconut over top space between tiers. Continue to frost the top of one tier and then a side, and decorate with columns before moving down to the next tier.

(**Photograph 6**) For a final touch, use tweezers to spot little silver balls at strategic places. Frosting should be so stiff that it sets rather quickly, so it's best to place the balls quickly. Isn't the effect elegant?

—Courtesy Martha Logan, Swift & Co.



for this panel, because he must help the biblical character decide whether an answer of yes or no is correct.

Questions may run something like this: Are you a character that lived in Old Testament times? Were you a prophet? Did you have a son? Did you travel? Did you live in Egypt? Were you an Israelite? Did you ever cross the Red Sea? and so on. It will be interesting to see how few questions your experts need.

7. *Life Begins at 80.* Here's an opportunity to get some good advice,

both humorous and serious, from the elderly members of your congregation. Highlight them in this program, which should feature questions prepared in advance by church members. Post a question box in the church office for a few weeks in order to collect questions, and then select the best. Fire them at your panel representing folks of experienced years, and see what words of wisdom flow forth.

8. *This Is Your Life.* Here is a delightful way to pay tribute to some beloved person you'd like to honor,



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So says many a homemaker who finds that Sani-Flush, working chemically, will keep the toilet bowl sparkling clean and sanitary without messy scrubbing.

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Large Quantity Recipe File

ANNIVERSARY WHITE CAKE (for a crowd)

[This is a quick-mix (no creaming) method.]

Preparation:

Have all ingredients at room temperature, 72-75° F., preheat oven to 375° F. Line bottom of pan with 2 layers of waxed paper or 1 layer of white wrapping paper. Allow 1/4 inch space around all sides. Do not rub sides of pan with fat. Sift the cake flour before measuring. Use standard measuring cups and spoons.

Shortening	1/2 cup	Salt	1 teaspoon
Cake flour, sifted	2 1/2 cups	Sugar	1 1/2 cups
Baking powder, double-acting	4 teaspoons	Milk	1 cup
Egg whites	4	Vanilla	1 teaspoon

Method:

Step 1: Place shortening in mixing bowl. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar, and pour onto the shortening in the mixing bowl. Add just 3/4 cup of milk and the vanilla. Beat 2 minutes on medium speed of electric mixer or by hand using 150 strokes per minute. Throughout the mixing time keep the batter scraped from the sides and bottom of the bowl with a rubber scraper. After 2 minutes stop beating and scrape sides of bowl and beaters to get all of ingredients thoroughly mixed.

Step 2: Now empty into the batter in the mixing bowl the unbeaten egg whites and the remainder of the milk (1/4 cup). Beat an additional 2 minutes on medium speed. Keep all of the batter scraped into the path of the beaters to make a uniformly mixed batter. Pour batter into the prepared cake pan. Spread evenly. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes. Set cake pan on a cake rack 10 minutes to cool slightly. Loosen sides of cake carefully with a spatula. Put cake rack over cake pan and invert cake and rack so cake drops onto rack. Let cake cool before moving or frosting.

—Courtesy Martha Logan, Swift & Co.

Large Quantity Recipe File

SNOWY CREAM FROSTING FOR BASIC COVERING

Shortening	1 1/2 cups
Confectioner's sugar, sifted	6 1/2 cups (2 pounds)
Milk	1/4 cup
Salt	2 teaspoons
Vanilla	1 tablespoon

Combine all ingredients in a large bowl. Beat until smooth and creamy. If made with a hand beater, beat the shortening first, then alternate additions of sugar and milk. Beat in salt and vanilla. Thorough beating overcomes the raw taste of the sugar.

ORNAMENTAL FROSTING

Egg whites, unbeaten	9
Confectioner's sugar, sifted	10 cups (3 lbs.)
Cream of tartar	1 1/2 teaspoons
Vanilla	2 teaspoons

Combine all ingredients in a large bowl. Beat until stiff enough so peaks are rigid or until frosting will not flow. An electric beater makes light work of this. If a wire whisk or rotary "hand-driven" model is used, it may be easier to make 1/2 of this amount at one time: i.e., 3 egg whites and 1 pound sugar, etc.

—Courtesy Martha Logan, Swift & Co.

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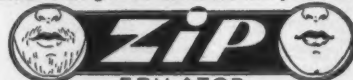
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Unless you are near a healthy fire extinguisher or a plentiful supply of WATER, we cannot assume responsibility if this ad breaks out in **ROARING FLAMES**. So please do stop reading until you have taken the necessary safety precautions. Yes, we have an item that's **NOT**—so **NOT** that we are not going to say other than the usual words of a good product for fear of setting this magazine on **FIRE**. This product is **NEW! HOTLY COLORED! SELL! AMAZING! and REVOLUTIONARY.**—**NO!** No long story—All we have to say, and this is modestly, we have an **ELECTRICALLY** controlled bulb that is the **BEST** insect killer **CONSOLIDATED RESEARCH** has been able to produce—bar none.

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your pastor, perhaps, on a certain anniversary, or on his retirement. Enlist his family and closest friends to help keep the whole thing a secret from him until the eventful night. One of the best parts of Ralph Edwards' show is the complete surprise of the person involved. You will need someone to prepare the big prompt book from which the story of the pastor's life will be unfolded by the announcer, interspersed by voices and actual persons out of the pastor's past. Plan to have present members of the committee that welcomed him on his arrival to the church, the first couple he married, the first baby baptized, members of the choir that was singing when he preached his first sermon, people who recall kind acts which he performed

and would like to tell about them.

You will need a tape recorder to record the voices of these individuals, each telling some phase of the pastor's life. Voices will be played for the pastor to hear and try to recognize before the persons themselves emerge from the curtains to greet him.

The program may appropriately end with the presentation of some gift or memorial in the pastor's honor.

9. *You Are There*. This is especially clever for an anniversary celebration. Take the actual history of the founding of your church and dramatize it as though it were happening at the present moment with the benefit of television and radio to record the event. Have a reporter interview some of the outstanding individuals taking part.

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7013. The full skirt of this old-fashioned girl protects your toaster. Fun to make, charming to see! Use scraps. Embroidery transfer, pattern pieces included.

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DOES GOD HEAL SICKNESS TODAY?

(Continued from page 61)

burgh. Did it work in other places? I was to find many more churches with active healing ministries in many cities. In New York city it was The Church of the Heavenly Rest, where Dr. John Large is pastor. In Baltimore, Dr. Albert E. Day's Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church. In Philadelphia, the church of Alfred Price. There were many others.

From these ministers I found the answer to one last question that troubled me: Did one need to go to a church for healing? I wondered, for example, about shut-ins, and those who did not have a healing ministry in their own church.

At once, the answer was, "No." I learned that everyone seeking healing is required simply to meet certain conditions, and that, meeting them, one could receive healing in his own home or in any place, anywhere. One had only to reach out and accept.

How was it done? Putting together all I saw and heard, I believe this summarizes the steps:

1. The patient must transfer his burden to God, believing that God can handle it perfectly. Healing does not take place in worried minds.

2. Hatred and resentment must be wiped out. God's love cannot flow through a spiteful spirit.

3. One must relax, rest assured in God's peace, confident that His will carried out will be best for you.

4. Live expectantly, knowing God's creative power is already at work. Thank him for answering your prayer.

5. Never think of yourself or the sick one as unhealthy, rather picture him as you remembered him before his illness.

6. Daily prayer and meditation is part of the therapy. Don't beg God constantly to heal you; rather praise Him and give thanks.

7. Accept God's decision, for your loving Heavenly Father will give only what is best for you.

These states of mind can come anywhere. They come more easily when the patient realizes that the church is the hub of his healing, and that prayer groups are buoying him up as he lies on his bed. That is part of the ministry of healing in which all Christians can share—praying faithfully for the recovery of those who are sick.

Jesus told the Seventy: "And into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you . . . heal the sick . . . and say unto them, The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." His Kingdom is still coming close to the members of present-day churches who dare to take up the challenge.

THE END

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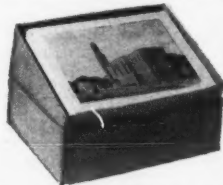


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HAPPY NOW WHERE HEART IS

(Continued from page 30)

City Hall. The pioneers of Miami Beach gathered to honor the gentle couple. The Miami City Commission made them honorary citizens. A resolution, inscribed in Japanese and English, paid tribute to "your long and useful life" and expressed the people's prayer that "your remaining years may be years of joy and contentment."

There were flashlights, microphones and newsreel cameras, and the proceedings were recorded for a "Voice of America" broadcast. Poppa Suto sobbed audibly. There wasn't a dry eye in the crowd. Only Katzentine refused to treat the leavetaking as final. Into Suto's hands he pressed a re-entry permit obtained from Washington—"in case you change your mind."

Late last year brief, quaintly phrased messages reached Miami from Japan. The Sutos weren't happy. "Momma cry all time," Suto wrote. "I cry too." Momma Suto still shudders when she recalls those months in peaceful Kanagawa. "Each day I see Poppa grow older," she says, "not from old age but because heart belong far away."

Then the Miami storage company wrote a businesslike letter. The Suto possessions (including Momma's treasured refrigerator and washing machine) were crated and ready for shipment to Japan. That did it! Momma hurried to the telegraph office. "Hold everything," she cabled. "We come home."

But when they arrived in San Francisco the Sutos encountered

trouble. Despite the re-entry permit, the new McCarran Act required a searching examination of Suto's past. The immigration people demanded proof that he had registered for the draft—back in 1917!

After three days of frantic telephoning, Frank Katzentine had the Sutos admitted to the country on parole. They crossed the continent and received a royal welcome in Miami.

While Suto went off to inspect the work done in his absence, Momma searched old trunks at the storage company "to find papers for Uncle Sam." She unearthed a yellowed envelope. There, tucked neatly in a book of old War Savings Stamps, she found the card which proved that Kotaro Suto had registered for service in 1917.

Today Poppa Suto does kneebends to show how miraculously the Florida sun has cooked the arthritis out of his joints. With his own hands he is building a new house and some work sheds on property adjoining Katzentine's land. He plans to specialize in dwarfed trees and exotic plants which Momma Suto will sell in a little shop on Miami Beach. Meanwhile, Katzentine is coaching Suto for the citizenship tests he will take this year.

Pretty Momma Suto, an attractive streak of silver showing in her dark hair, laughs gaily as Suto drives off in his brand-new truck to inspect his precious island. "Poppa not old man any more," she says. "Poppa young and happy now where heart is." THE END

THE USHER AT THE GATE

(Continued from page 35)

come back to her side. Then he took an interminable time escorting her from the foyer door to the back pew.

So it happened that we were both sitting there together one Sunday morning while my husband helped the other ushers collect Communion cups. She moved closer to me and said, "I've been wanting to talk to you sometime about your nice husband."

Taking my hand within her own with its soft velvet glove, she said, "My husband was head usher in the church back home. After his death I moved west, and I just couldn't come to church alone. I was so lonely for him I could hardly get through Sundays. The week I could manage, and I kept up my pledge and went to women's meetings. But Sunday morning in church alone I could not bear, so I prayed hard about it, and the answer came."

"My husband and I had always

been active in church dramatics, and I found that I could pretend to myself that my husband was just in another part of the church, acting as an usher in an aisle I couldn't see from where I was sitting. That way I could get through the first part of the service by myself. Then when the sermon began, if the text took my attention I could almost forget that he hadn't come back to sit beside me."

She leaned forward and said earnestly, "My dear, your husband has the same look about him, all freshly scrubbed and shaved on Sunday mornings." A twinkle came into her eye. "I'm sure he even uses the very same lotion."

Struggling with a chuckle and a lump in my throat I said, "You know of course how much my husband enjoys his weekly visit with you."

She patted my hand and said, "For the time it takes to walk to the pew

on Sunday morning on the arm of your husband, I am young again myself, and our family is growing up, and I don't know yet what loneliness is like."

We had time to exchange an understanding smile before my husband came back with an armload of wrinkled bulletins he had picked up as a final ushering task.

"Shall we take my girl friend to lunch this noon?" he asked. But she promptly declined, "Oh, no, I have my usual group of friends. It's my turn to treat today in the hotel dining room," she said proudly.

My husband helped her down the steps as she went to the waiting car which the youngest of the widows had chauffeured to its place by the curb.

As we went toward the church parking lot my husband said to me, "I saw you and my girl friend having quite a confab after service."

"It was all woman talk," I told him, "although she did tell me about the man who was her husband. He used to be an usher, too."

"Did you find out anything more about him?" asked my husband. "Where they lived, and what he used to do for a living, for instance?"

"No, I didn't find out those facts," I told him. "But I can tell you what he does now—he is one of the ushers who waits at the Big Gate." THE END

I SEE THE FLAG

(Continued from page 6)

native state from its well-earned place. And in the course of that struggle the red of the stripes was deepened by the blood of Bull Run . . . the Wilderness . . . Chancellorsville . . . Gettysburg.

I saw the states, reunited, go forth to stand for the Bill of Rights on San Juan Hill, at Chateau-Thierry, at Okinawa, on the Normandy beachhead. I saw in the flag the stars that represented these states.

Never again can I look upon the flag with casual eyes.

Since the day I saw the flag, taxes are not so irksome, the control of certain cherished pleasures or privileges in moments of crisis seems less a personal affront. Whatever I must contribute to my country is made meaningful by two mottoes which I have adopted: one from Benjamin Franklin, "Those who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety"; and the other, from Thomas Paine, "Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom, must, like men, undergo the fatigues of supporting it."

I see the flag!

THE END

JUNE 1954

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Picture of the Month

"John Wesley"

IN this moving and dramatic biography of England's great 18th century religious leader, the film producers have bravely attempted, and very nearly succeeded, in achieving the impossible. They have endeavored, within the space of little more than an hour, to portray from beginning to end the event-filled life of a man who vibrantly lived every moment of his eighty-eight years, and who, for, fifty-seven of those years, passionately dedicated himself to half a dozen ministries, every one of which eventually attained national acclaim.

Wesley was a churchman, educator, sociologist, writer, evangelist—and founder of the Methodist Church. As a young intellectual he had to fight for a personal faith which would not come easily. In his consuming desire for religious integrity he applied himself to his studies and devotions with such intense and methodical discipline that he earned the derisive title of "methodist"—an epithet he seized and proudly raised as a banner. His wide social concern for an England mired in drink, crime and grinding poverty, led him to the founding of schools, orphanages, clinics and other social agencies.



METHODIST RADIO AND FILM COMMISSION

John Wesley tells of a faith-stirring experience in this scene from the film story of the eventful life of England's great 18th century religious leader.

And his religious fervor carried him on to the creation of Sunday schools, societies for religious development, a great lay-preacher movement—and an evangelical revival which swept all England and then reached across to colonial America.

Produced as a teaching film rather than as an entertainment film, the picture happily fulfills both objectives—for here is a stirring picture of a great and inspired man who fought through every difficulty to create one of the great instruments of Christianity. The entire cast has been ex-

pertly selected, the direction is excellent and the original sites—such as Epworth Church, Oxford University and St. Paul's Cathedral—are strikingly presented in color. And in diminutive Leonard Sachs has been found the ideal actor to portray the five-foot-two "giant" who changed the course of religious history.

Produced in Eastman Color by The Radio and Film Commission of The Methodist Church in co-operation with J. Arthur Rank, this will be available to churches as well as theaters. **Family**

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:
A—Adults; Y—Young People;
F—Family

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

Films starred (★) are of exceptional merit.

(★) **GO, MAN, GO!** (United Artists). An excellent portrayal of the colored professional basketball team, the Harlem Globetrotters, with a lesson in race relations which is all the more effective for never being mentioned. The film tells the amusing and pathetic story of the team's struggles for acceptance in the big-league echelons of basketball, and of the dream of coach-promoter Abe Saperstein who had always longed to see "the perfect team play the perfect game." The players themselves take their own parts capably and entertainingly. And where actors are used to impersonate other figures in the Globetrotters' organization, the roles are sympathetically executed. **F**

ROSE MARIE (MGM). Based on the familiar musical comedy, this superproduction is shot in CinemaScope and Eastman Color. Against the background of the Canadian Rockies, Ann Blyth is the fiery young girl who, having always lived in the woods, finds it hard to acquire the manner of a lady. Howard Keel is the handsome sergeant of the "Mounties." And Fernando Lamas is the unruly trapper, wild in love and life. Falsely accused of a murder for which a jilted Indian girl is anxious to see him hang, Lamas is saved by the sergeant who tricks the girl into a confession. Marjorie Main and Bert Lahr provide the comedy. An energetic dance by the Indian girl and a number of braves is spectacular, but occasionally suggestive. Some new scores and lyrics. **A, Y**

KNOCK ON WOOD (Paramount). The ebullient spirit and loquacity of Danny

Kaye are given full play in this hilarious farce in Technicolor. A great deal of fun is poked at psychoanalysis, wholesale murder and international intrigue for possession of death-dealing devices. Despite all this our versatile hero manages not only to extricate himself from countless difficulties, but also finds romance along the way. Although there is reprehensible drinking, the characterizations are well done, and the settings are striking. **F**

PRISONER OF WAR (MGM). A grim war picture purporting to depict conditions behind enemy lines in North Korea and the cruelties inflicted on U.S. and U.N. prisoners by the Communists. It shows Chinese, North Koreans and various Russian "advisers" resorting to extreme means to force "confessions" from their prisoners and to convert them into ideological "progressives." This type of presentation creates only inflamed emotional reactions, and is in no way conducive to objective analysis. The Defense Department has withdrawn approval of this film. **A**

ACT OF LOVE (United Artists). The moving drama of an American who visits the French Riviera and reminisces over events which occurred during his stay in

Film Ratings by the
**PROTESTANT
MOTION PICTURE
COUNCIL**

Paris in World War II, and which have now brought him to this pilgrimage as a closing "act of love" in his relationship with a French girl. The seamy side of war, in which an essentially decent girl is confronted with fear, disappointment and ultimate despair, is well shown. There is implied immorality, which is not excused but rather is deplored and handled without sensationalism. The principal characters are sufficiently convincing to elicit sympathy from a discerning audience. **A**

TENNESSEE CHAMP (MGM). With seriously reverent implications, this comedy-drama tells of the simple faith of a Southern mountain boy who, caught by circumstances, is forced into a prizefighting career by a conniving fight manager. Despite his deplorable surroundings, however, the young man so successfully retains his faith and honesty that he finally reforms the very people who had originally set out to exploit him. Although there are many comic situations, and also some gambling, the young fighter's belief in God is handled with respect at all times, and he is shown as a person who eventually leads others to a measure of character improvement. **A**

ABOUT MRS. LESLIE (Paramount). A romantic drama in which a middle-aged boarding house landlady, motivated by her own misguided experiences, offers help and advice to those of her tenants who find themselves in similar difficulties. Shirley Booth does an excellent portrayal of the unhappy woman who, as a girl, had an illicit affair with a man she did not know was married. The relationship, however, is not glamorized, but is presented as an unethical way of life. The entire story is convincing, and the cast has been expertly chosen. **A**

DUFFY OF SAN QUENTIN (Warners). Good study of why and how men become criminals, and of the commendable theories of prison reform put into practice by a warden. **A, Y**

BEAT THE DEVIL (United Artists). An amusing satire on international intrigue, with assorted thieves all intent on double-crossing each other. **A**

MA AND PA KETTLE AT HOME (Universal-International). The philosophy of a congenial family spirit—through love and loyalty—is the theme of this chapter in the lives of the amusing Kettles. **F**

RACING BLOOD (Gateward Production; 20th Century-Fox Release). A Cinderella story of twin foals born to a famous racing mare. **F**

CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT (Paramount). A noisy and not too successful comedy in which Bob Hope impersonates the fabulous Italian libertine of the 18th century. In Technicolor. **A, Y**

NEW FACES (20th Century-Fox). This musical revue, presented essentially as it appeared on Broadway, is a series of disconnected skits, in which the comedy is alternately sophisticated and suggestive. **A**

THE SIEGE AT RED RIVER (Panoramic Productions; 20th Century-Fox Release). Union and Confederate undercover men play a violent game of wits in trying to gain possession of the newly-invented Gatling gun. Technicolor. **A**



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BACK TALK



Lighted Cross

TO THE EDITORS:

I was surprised when I read in your paper the article entitled, "A Cross in the Window" (April '54). That is what I have been working on since the last week in January. Mr. Edson's dream is nearer coming true than he realizes. I have sent 94 letters and the fine response from everywhere has awed and humbled me. A minister in Wyoming had copies made and sent one to each Methodist minister in his state. In Connecticut one put it on the air.

Washington, D. C.

MRS. R. Y. NICHOLSON

"Mr. Post Office"

TO THE EDITORS:

In the February issue there is an article "Mr. Post Office" that is a disgrace to the CHRISTIAN HERALD. Frank Carlson is a man who will be long remembered by the drunkards he has made, the liquor stores that have been legalized, the divorces, the murders, prostitution, crime and car wrecks—all because when he was Governor of the State of Kansas he was unwilling to enforce the dry laws, which in turn helped to repeal our own State Constitution. By his laxity he proved to be a tool of the liquor industry.

Kingsdown, Kansas DAVID C. WHITE

● True, Prohibition was repealed in Kansas during the Carlson administration, but by popular referendum. Senator Carlson's stand: "Although as a lifelong teetotaler I have always been personally opposed to drinking, I still felt that the issue should be determined by the will of the people."

The Weeping Statue

TO THE EDITORS:

Gabriel Courier interprets the news entertainingly but one of his comments irritates me (Feb.). "We were not surprised at the new 'weeping statue' of Palermo, Sicily, credited with the healing of hundreds; only that the press publicized it so solemnly." At what is he sneering, the statue, or the healings, or the press? Faith causes the healings, not the statue. I firmly believe that the Protestant churches have failed in the duty of teaching the healing power of faith. Christian Science has drawn all its thousands and tens of thousands by teaching and doing the work of healing. So has the Unity movement, and so has Emmet Fox. Is one to imply that their religion has power, whereas that of our own churches has not? I, for one, prefer a religion of works to one of words. If my church can not

heal me when I am sick, and another can, then I shall leave my church at once and join the other, for we are advised to judge a thing by its fruits. The Catholic Church has healings. Let Courier visit Lourdes or Sainte Anne de Beaupre. Faith will heal at these places. It would also heal at any Main Street Baptist or Methodist church right here at home if it were invoked in them.

Lexington, S. C.

LEE R. GANDEE

● Courier's shaft was flung not at faith but at superstition. As to the question, "Does God heal sickness today?" see the answer on page 19.

More on Non-Alcoholics

TO THE EDITORS:

Not knowing anything about Ruth Cross except what I get from her article ("Non-Alcoholics Anonymous," March '54), I wonder how much real experience she has of life—I mean a cross-section of life, not just big city life or the life of non-church people? And frankly I wonder how much good such an article will do? I feel there is not nearly so much alcohol flowing as Ruth Cross says there is. I believe her to be wrong and that her article will give too many thousands of readers the wrong impression. Her statement, "Churches, so far as I know, still frown on drinking," suggests that she is not very well acquainted with church people. Church people are against drinking and there you will find those happy without it.

Youngstown, Ohio

MR. CALAIR CATHERMAN

"Adonais"

TO THE EDITORS:

I never comment on errors, but this once I am going to call your attention to Erma Paul Ferrari's excellent article, "Books Make Lent More Meaningful" (March '54). In it she has confused Byron with Keats. I am sure she knows "Adonais" was written about Keats.

Omaha, Nebraska CAROLINE GURNEY

● She does know, and so do we—and we will never forget it!

"In God We Trust"

TO THE EDITORS:

I want to thank you for the reference made to me in your February issue (News Digest). I am anxious to see the phrase, "In God We Trust," on our paper money, and would like to get Christian men and women from all over the country to write to Secretary of the Treasury, Honorable G. W. Humphrey, to say so.

Camden, Arkansas MATT ROTHERT

Outpost of Freedom

TO THE EDITORS:

You will never know how much we do appreciate the CHRISTIAN HERALDS that we have received the past year. I always look forward to each copy. Last Sunday I used two illustrations taken from the HERALD in my morning service. I put a copy in each Day Room of the twenty companies in the 12th Regiment. It is not only a blessing to the GI's but to me personally. We in the occupation force in Germany consider that we are holding the line here for freedom and democracy.

APO, New York, N. Y.

CH. (MAJ.) RAY L. ALLEN

● To help us continue this service of free copies to chaplains the world over we would welcome contributions of any size. Address them: Circulation Department, Chaplains' Fund.

Jordan Water

TO THE EDITORS:

Answering Rev. C.J.V., Pa., ("Questions and Answers," March '54) concerning Jordan water for baptism, a woman in Jerusalem whom we have helped has sent two vials (2 ozs.) in Olivewood urns and has offered to send more. I am writing her as to how many she could afford to send for a \$10 package of food. I would send these that I have and any for which I may be able to arrange, passing on money to her (or food). What would you contribute for these?

Chaplin, Conn.

REV. WALTER LANPHEAR

Helpful Guide

TO THE EDITORS:

Put me down as one who is glad you publish motion picture reviews. I hope many are guided by them. I go only occasionally, when I think there is something to see, and I like a guide.

Duncannon, Pa.

REV. ELWOOD F. REEVES, JR.

Non-Smokers, Unite!

TO THE EDITORS:

As I read "Non-Alcoholics Anonymous" (March '54), I felt very much the same about cigarette smoking. Wherever one goes—to dine, visit friends, ride in any public conveyance—one must breathe the poisonous smoke of cigarettes, cigars or pipes. How long must the non-smokers stand by and let the smokers have their way without saying a word? Do we not have rights too?

Culver City, Calif.

MRS. K. McM.

Books Offered

TO THE EDITORS:

Would any Sunday school, church or mission be glad to have some nice books, among them Grace Livingston Hill's Christian novels? Also younger Christian books for 10-12 age group, such as Betty Lou's stories of the Golden West. Also some religious books for study. Would be glad to give them if they will pay postage for same. All of the books are in exceptionally good condition.

Chicago, Ill. (MRS.) ETHEL POOLE

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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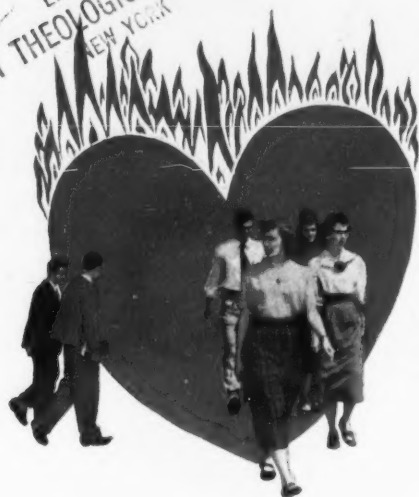
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